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JUNE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

Over the meadows' red ripe bloom
Glints and sparkles the morning sun,
Out on the air floats a sweet perfume,
The rose trees' tribute to day begun.
The lily's chalice of snow-white hue
Is filled to the brim with drops of dew.

Up in the apple-tree, over the way,
The robins and bluebirds are tuning their throats;
From the nutmeg top of yon maple spray
Comes the musical ring of the catbird's notes;
This is the measure they sing in tune—
Welcome, welcome to beautiful June!

Blue is the sky as it bends above
And reaches to earth a clasping hand,
Fair is the scene as a dream of love
Or land enchanted by fairy wand,
And over and over all things repeat—
Hail to the coming of summer sweet!

Blossoms and birds are the children of June,
Gladly they herald her coming feet,
Who would not count it a coveted boon
But a the country her presence to greet,
Where health-laden breezes blow all the day long,
And earth bubbles over with laughter and song.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER X.

GOING BACK.

A thrill of such agony as precedes the last dread office of the law, a wild swimming of the brain, such as comes with myriad sparkles after a fearful blow, a sensation of terror so abject the veriest coward would have pitied him, came like the rustling of the wings of death, upon the soul of Vincent Mordaunt when he knew that he was in the power of an enemy, than whom a lion had been gentler, a familiar of the Inquisition less cruel and cold-blooded.

John Haldane had been one of the finest young men in all South Devon once, a merry farmer's son, industrious and respected by all who knew him.

He had a pleasant home, rich pastures, all that could make him happy, even to a wife and infant babe.

His wife was the elder of two orphan sisters, the younger being to Mrs. Haldane like a daughter, though there was only five years difference between them. John Haldane himself looked upon her as a fairy child, one given to them by a special providence, and to be loved as much as their own beautiful babe.

Mary was truly a sweet, innocent child at fifteen, with scarce a thought beyond the little girl she nursed.

At sixteen she was something scarcely to be described, so angelic, so lovely was she; slight and elegant, her tiny figure was no indication of either her health or strength, which were both naturally good.

Then came Vincent Mordaunt, who was of the race who owned John Haldane's farm, and hence welcome to the house. But his reputation was known, and the young husband took a sudden and apparently unaccountable aversion to him. But he strove in every way to avoid showing it, for John was ashamed of the real feeling that was bowing him to the earth.

He was wildly, blindly jealous of his wife.

One evening he came home in a sad if not a sullen mood. His wife was rocking the babe, now a year and a half old, by the fire, and as he entered she turned upon him a pallid face, and eyes brimful of tears.

A fearful dread fell on the soul of John Haldane.

"What ails you?" he said, abruptly. "Is the child sick?"

"No, worse. Vincent Mordaunt has gone away," she answered, bowing her head.

"Woman," he cried, wildly, "and you dare to weep for his departure before my face."

"Husband," she said, as calmly as she could, "may you never repent those cruel words. Vincent Mordaunt has stolen away our Mary."

John Haldane sat down and groaned, and then in the first burst of selfish relief he told how unhappy he had been, never suspecting that the man came after such a mere child as Mary. He never could have believed that man on earth could be such a villain.

"When their wicked passions are roused, they are as demons, without pity, without remorse," replied his wife. "What is to be done?"

"Find him and kill him, Harriet. The law takes the life of many a man for a less heinous crime than this. But he is my prey. I will hunt him down and slay him."

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Follow him if you will and see justice done. Bring her back here, my blessed, foolish Mary; but for your wife and your Eleanor's sake shed no blood."

The husband and wife had a long conference that night, and the next day the farmer left his home to hunt up Sir Vincent Mordaunt. But he found him not, and at last returned home, to find Harriet dying of a broken heart.

This blow ended all, and a month after the poor woman lay in the village churchyard. John Haldane was ruined, and the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

When or how he escaped no one knew, but he did; and returning to his old home, by cunning and patient ways hunted out his daughter, whom he then bore away into Battlemore Woods.

Then all trace of him was lost, and John Haldane was regarded by his old friends as a suicide, who had added to his guilt the sin of murdering his babe.

And this for the sake of one man gratifying a cold-blooded passion, which it were infamous to dignify by the name of love, which never exists without devotion and self denial.

In wild and frantic words John Haldane poured forth his story to his appalled listener.

What terrified Sir Vincent Mordaunt most was evidence that seemed to strike his senses with fearful certainty that the man was still mad.

"Well, sir, and why do you tell me this sentimental story?" asked the baronet, looking him daringly in the face, as if to cow and terrify him. "Am I responsible for the flight of your sister, for the death of your wife?"

"Yes," said John, with supernatural calmness, "it was your false and honeyed tongue that induced the angel to desert us."

"Mr. John Haldane, Mr. Balthazar, or the devil, if so be it is your name, this is rank madness. Allowing for one moment that Mary did accompany me in my journey to London, is a man in after life to be held responsible for the imprudence of every young girl who has chosen to listen to his suit of love?"

"Yes," said the other, with savage earnestness, "men are not slain who take life in mortal combat, but those who do murder die the death. Mary was a child, not a woman, and your act was that of an assassin. You murdered her as surely as if you had stabbed her to the heart with a dagger."

"Well," replied the baronet, "for a murdered woman she contrived to look very rosy and robust for a couple of years, and might be so now, but for the fact of her catching a typhoid fever at Brussels, and there dying."

"You should have left her to me and Harriet. She would not have died. She was happy as a bird here. You killed her body and soul."

"Hark'ee, John Haldane," said the baronet, as if he had had quite enough of this trifling; "you may consider yourself a very clever fellow, but I want to know what business either you or Mrs. Haldane had with my wife?"

"Wife?" gasped the supposed gypsy, wildly.

"Yes; my true and lawful wife, sir. We were married the day after my departure from this spot. I had my reasons for keeping the matter a secret—one of which, and the most prominent, was that I had no desire to let the world know of my relationship to you and yours. It was a hard struggle with her, but my decision was unalterable, and it was decided that our marriage was to remain secret until she could bring herself to repudiate you and yours."

"That she never would have done," cried the amazed horse-dealer.

"My good fellow, you are very sanguine, and all that, and I feel for you. Mary was all that was lovable and excellent, and had just resolved to be introduced as the future Lady Mordaunt, when she took her last illness and died at Brussels, where she was duly buried as Mrs. Mary Mordaunt."

The listener sank into a chair and covering his face with his hands, sobbed like a child.

Sir Vincent looked at him with a savage sneer and a glance of malignant satisfaction.

"And now, Mr. Haldane, I suppose you will release me, and apologize for your villainous conduct?"

"Never, murderer and assassin! But I cannot slay you if this be true. Where were you married?" he replied, gloomily.

"Of what avails that now?"

"Think you I will forego my vengeance on your base word? Think you I credit the oath of a villain who would murder his own kin? No, I must see and handle the marriage certificate. When I have that safe, my soul, repugnant as it feels, must give you grace. I am no longer your judge."

"You shall have certificates both of marriage and death," sneered the baronet, and much good may they do you. Release me!"

"Give me the date and the place, and if your assertion prove true you are a free man. Until then you are a prisoner here. No words; when I have assurance that my angel sister was a wife, you are free—not before, so make haste."

The baronet, finding all resistance useless, gave up the names of church and parish in Plymouth, after which Dick Dart and Josh, the gypsy, being called in, the baronet was released from the chair and carried into the spare chamber, where, securely bound, he was left to his reflections, which were of a character the very reverse of pleasant.

It would, indeed, be useless to record the fearful thoughts of vengeance and hate which played through his brain as he lay thus, as it were, chained like a dog. No torments ever invented by the feeble imagination of tyrant or priest could have surpassed in ingenuity those he intended for John Haldane when he should be free.

At last, after a copious supper, he slept soundly, and awoke only about midday, when the air was busy with the carol of birds.

Scarcely had he turned round than the two men entered, and loosening his legs led him into the kitchen, where a breakfast of the usual gypsy character was prepared.

"Vincent Mordaunt," said the gypsy, who was haggard, torn and travel-stained, "I find in one thing I have wronged you. My sainted sister was your wife, and hence in law we are brothers."

"Brother! I spit on such relationship," cried the other, furiously. "Let me go, foul fiend; rid me of your sight."

"I shall do that shortly," said the gypsy chief, with a deeply-sad intonation of voice. "But as to her death—"

"That certificate I have about me," hastily replied the baronet. "Unbind me."

"I have a few words to say, and as you have far to go you had better breakfast here," continued the ex farmer. "Unbind him, but tell him if he tries to leave ere I have done with him."

"I am in no hurry," said the baronet, opening an old pocket-book, and taking from it a certificate, which he handed to Haldane, who, after one glance, put it away. "Give me food and drink, you rascals."

And while the other sat still in deep reflection, thinking of what might have been had neither he, nor his wife, nor Mary ever seen the baronet, the latter gave way to his reckless humor, and ate and drank heartily.

Presently Balthazar made a secret sign and spoke in Romany. The baronet looked up with a sneer, and as he did so Dick Dart, who had remained in the camp, filled his glass, letting fall at the same time a white powder into the liquid.

"One parting glass," said the apparently half witted attendant on Hubert Treherne, as he raised his own.

"One," replied the baronet, severely. "And now, my hearties, keep a still tongue in your heads, and a bridle between your teeth, for be it to-morrow, or next day, or twenty years hence, I will give you a Roland for your Oliver. You base, mechanical hinds, do you think a gentleman submits to such treatment with impunity? No, and so confusion to all my enemies."

So saying he drained the goblet, sat down as if exhausted with the effort, struggled to rise, shook his fist wildly at John, and then sank down helpless on the ground, where he found himself wrapped in a horse-cloth, near the expiring embers of a fire, at a late hour the same night.

Stiff and numbed he tottered to his feet, to find himself alone.

"Dragged—the villains!" he said. "If they have not stolen my horse I had better get to roost. I feel sore in every bone and muscle."

His horse was quite safe, and had been well fed, so that his ride home presented far less difficulties than he expected.

Having reached the inn he went to his room, and once more plunged into sleep, that quitted not his eyes for many weary hours.

When he arose he paid his bill, left, and re-assuming his proper garb sought out the gypsy camp.

It had gone away, and no one knew in what direction the Bohemians had directed their footsteps.

CHAPTER XI.

SHADOWS FORECAST.

There was one good resulted from the extraordinary journey which the earnest manner of the gypsy induced Lady Hester to take. Giving instructions to her lawyer, he traced Lucy's life from her birth to her arrival at the manor-house in such a way as to do away with the faintest hope of any one disputing her identity. She never rested until this research was completed, and duly certified in indisputable documents.

She then, by the advice of her medical men, removed to a watering-place, where, in the society of Lucy and Hubert, her days seemed to glide away toward the wished-for haven in all peace and contentment. That she would not survive long was evident, but no medical man ventured to fix a date.

To Lady Hester Mordaunt this was no secret. But her life had been a chequered one, and now that she had fulfilled her mission justly, she cared not how soon she was at rest. She would have wished the marriage of Lucy and Hubert to have been solemnized before she died. Lucy, however, declared that nothing would make her leave her grandmother for a day.

Summer had passed away, winter was not far off—though the air was balmy and the weather fine—when one day Lady Mordaunt and Lucy were seated at a bay window, gazing at the sea.

It was placid and calm, and the red glory of a rich sunset hovered over the waters.

"Beautiful!" mused the old woman. "Lucy, dear, I wish you would be married here! it is a lovely place. You need not leave me for an hour—Hubert would not wish it."

"Grandmother," said Lucy, with a faint blush, "if it would make you happy, and you will speak to Hubert."

"Heaven bless you, my child, I will. Where is he?"

"Chatting with the two Miss Elvertons, I am afraid," continued the young girl, with a smile. "Hubert is becoming quite a flirt."

"Ah, my dear, this life is very tame and monotonous for him. Men must have bustle and activity, and will amuse themselves. You must not be jealous."

"Jealous, grandmamma! Oh, no; I like to see Hubert happy. It would be my duty and my happiness to make any sacrifice for that end."

"You are a good girl," observed Lady Hester, thoughtfully, to whom it recurred that had she made more sacrifices, and contended against the baleful promptings of pride—which is of Lucifer—she might have even now, who knows, had the satisfaction of a son's presence by her side.

They spoke no more, but soon after Hubert came in to tea, and was made aware of the old lady's wishes.

"I wish to see you happy, my children," she said.

"My more than mother," replied the young man, with a fervor that was unmistakable, "you are very kind to me. This," taking Lucy's hand, "is to me a pearl of great price—a prize beyond all I had ever expected."

That was a still, calm and happy evening, and all retired with thoughts big with the next day's happiness—happiness that never came.

In the night the old lady rang her bell violently, and when Lucy and her attendants reached the room, they found her speechless, but quite calm.

The summons had come sooner than she expected, but she was prepared, and ere the sun shone passed away, holding a hand of her two beloved children.

All knew her last wish, which was to be buried at home, and despite the poignance of sorrow, Lucy begged Hubert to see to her removal as soon as was consistent with propriety.

She then retired to her room, where she passed the greater part of the day in prayer and weeping.

Though known so late she had been loved, and Lucy felt for her the earnest affection of a daughter.

The next day she was forced to yield to the exigencies of custom and fashion, and was plunged, whether she liked it or not, into all the details of mourning, in which it is facetiously remarked—we hope with more wit than truth—ladies find marvellous consolation.

Hubert, though manly and calm, was much affected; and by his contrivance it was that Lucy was spared many unpleasant formalities with which she might have been plagued.

The third day, at six o'clock, the hearse took away the coffin, and later in the day, following another route, Lucy started in a close carriage on her return to the home of her ancestors, now so desolate.

Her sole companion was her maid, though Hubert was at no great distance, and, indeed, never allowed the foremost post-chaise out of his sight.

He had not forgotten the machinations of Sir Vincent Mordaunt, and though he scarcely feared him, was prepared to act with vigor as occasion might require.

In this wise without molestation they came within sight of the residence which the deceased had so long occupied.

CHAPTER XII.

BAKED FUNERAL MEATS.

The news of the demise of Lady Hester Mordaunt had been borne to Treadledeep by means of Dick Dart, who, whatever his other shortcomings—love of roaming, and a decided predilection for gypsy life—was eminently faithful. He brought a letter from Hubert to Mrs. Jane Church, the mother of the Jenny Church with whom we are so well acquainted already, and one from the same to the family lawyer; and it was soon known that the funeral was to take place with great splendor on the following Monday, allowing ten days for preparations.

The tumult at the manor-house was great indeed, and Mrs. Church was observed to study the letter of instructions with great curiosity.

"It's strange," she said, addressing the butler; "it's strange, Peter Down, that there is not a word from our young lady."

"Ladies ain't much given to writin' on these like occasions," replied the butler, solemnly. "They leaves that to the men."

"But Miss Lucy will be master and mistress too. She might have written a line—let alone that hussy, Jenny," added the irritated housekeeper.

"There's no saying," continued the butler, in a subdued tone, "who will come in yet, so least said is soonest mended. I suppose we shall have supper and wine to-night?"

And they did, after the infallible fashion which seems to indicate that in a house of mourning there shall be eating and drinking always.

It is true that there was neither riot nor unbecoming mirth; but it was seldom the domestics of the manor-house had sat down to so grand an entertainment.

Next day the lawyer came over, and the preparations for the funeral began in right earnest.

That night the body of the mistress of the manor-house lay in the great drawing-room, and every curtain was down and shutter closed.

Lucy and Hubert came within a few minutes of one another, and the former at once retired to her own apartments with Jenny, to be closely followed by Mrs. Church, who, however, found the young lady both too tired and overwhelmed to talk, so that, to her disgust, she was thrown upon her own daughter, from whom she could extract no syllable but what the reader already knows.

Nor was there any change in the arrangements of the household until the day before the funeral, when Sir Vincent Mordaunt, in deep mourning, pale, careworn and haggard, arrived in his own carriage, and took up his quarters as one who had a right to the position he occupied.

Hubert met him with cool civility, went through the form of dining, but as soon as the domestics had departed, rose from the table, and without deigning a word, left the room.

"He seems uneasy," muttered the baronet. "If, after all, the old lady has relented toward me!"

And quite elated with this hope, he contrived to reach the butler's room, where he found that worthy entertaining a friend or two, and drowning his sorrows in a bowl of punch.

Peter Down was rather taken aback, but was soon at his ease.

"I cannot sit alone in that ghostly dining-room, Down," said the baronet, "so have come to ask leave to take my glass here."

"Quite honored, Sir Vincent," said the butler, proudly, "and hope you may do so many times."

The good man, without any dereliction of duty to his departed mistress, was simply paying his respects to the undoubted heir-at-law—a real live baronet.

And so the night passed—and now the time of the sad ceremonial is drawing nigh. The domestics hurry to and fro, mutes and undertakers rise into importance, and Hubert is compelled to do the honors of "the funeral baked meats."

"My cousin is too overwhelmed," he said. "She bids me represent her."

And the cake and wine were handed round over and over again as new guests arrived.

At last the sad procession was formed. The hearse slowly left the door, the carriages were rapidly filled; then came horsemen, and then domestics and tenants on foot.

The day was dark—supernaturally gloomy—so that when the procession reached the church under a panoply of black clouds that threatened soon to burst in rain, lights streamed through the chancel window, darkly defining the tracery of the noble Gothic arch, and illumining the gorgeous dyes of its richly-stained glass.

Both churchyard and church were thronged by a mournful train; and as the coffin was borne along the mid aisle, the mourners following, the organ broke forth, and the last ceremony began.

It was soon over, and then all who had any claim to do so returned rapidly to the manor-house to hear the will read—a matter of more importance and significance to many than any burial service, however solemn and grand.

The lawyer and his head clerk were already in the drawing-room, and round this apartment were collected every relation of the deceased who had thought proper to put on mourning. Sir Vincent sat in a corner, the sporting baronet in a very prominent position, Lady Hellisle at hand, while the mob of cousins and so on were stowed away in any corner that offered.

A vacant chair, almost of state, certainly of black velvet, was empty close to the lawyer, who continued to converse quite calmly, with the sealed document before him on the desk.

Presently a significant murmur drew his attention.

"Really Mr. Treherne," said the lawyer, in an injured tone, "Miss Lucy keeps us waiting an unusual time."

"She wished not to be present."

"She must," replied Mr. Scratton. "The presence of the granddaughter of the testator is quite necessary."

LADY HESTER'S WILL

Hubert Treherne bowed and left the room, returning shortly with the trembling girl, who, pale and almost sallow, looked round at all those anxious faces with a sort of shiver.

She bowed mechanically, and, conducted by Hubert, took the chair of state.

The lawyer then broke the seals.

The preliminary lines of the will excited no attention. Then came a list of her estates, farms, houses, money in the funds and at loan, jewelry, plate, pictures.

"*The whole of which I will and bequeath absolutely and without control by any person whatever to my granddaughter, Lucy Merton Mordaunt, with the proviso that, should she marry Hubert Treherne she may at any time make him a free gift of the property.*"

Various legacies followed.

"*To Sir Vincent Mordaunt I leave certified copies of all documents which prove the legitimacy and identity of my beloved granddaughter.*"

The bequests to servants were most liberal, but they were scarcely listened to in the hubbub which ensued. The majority at once recognized Lucy as the mistress of the house, and showered on her congratulations, which she received with modest diffidence. At last, however, she addressed Lady Bellisle.

"I am scarcely equal to the trying occasion, my lady," she said. "Shall we leave the gentlemen, and take a cup of tea? I am faint, and can scarcely walk."

Lady Bellisle bowed and went with her, all the other ladies following suit.

"Most unjust partiality," said the sporting baronet, addressing Hubert.

"My good sir, if, instead of leaving me a treasure far beyond all the money she ever owned, my aunt had not left me a penny, I should not complain," replied Hubert, calmly. "A will is sacred."

"It is the most iniquitous thing I ever heard of," exclaimed Sir Vincent, with a dark frown.

"Sir," said Hubert, stepping up close to him, "I think you should know that Mr. Seymour Scratton's clerk took down in writing every word you said at Battlemore to the gypsy, and has sworn an affidavit, witnessed by myself, Lady Mordaunt and Lucy."

"Then it is quite time that I left the house," cried the discomfited baronet, who retired with his fellow-titled dignitary, leaving Hubert to entertain the parson, lawyer and smaller fry of relations, who thought it only fair that they should have a good dinner and a bottle of wine after their journey.

But at a very early hour the whole company retired, Hubert himself riding away to his bachelor residence, about six miles distant.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIED LIFE.

Lucy Mordaunt, of Trendledeep, fell the more easily into the position of absolute mistress of the house, that during the lifetime of her grandmother she had exercised almost supreme authority; and the servants, finding the young mistress firm and high-handed, abandoned once and for all any hope they might ever have entertained of falling into idle and neglectful habits.

Lucy wanted occupation, and the task of superintending minutely a large household gave her just that amount of healthy exercise which was necessary to her existence.

This was the more required that she had no visitors, not even Hubert, for a month, though they met every Sunday at church.

At the end of four weeks, however, he came and demanded an interview.

Lucy had regained her composure, and with it her health, and as she looked perfectly majestic in black, Hubert could not but regard her with admiration.

"You really are very beautiful," he said, quietly. "I should not mention it, but I am going away."

"Going away?" she echoed.

"Yes, for the year of mourning; to Italy, to Rome, and Venice, and Florence—anywhere to pass the time until I know my fate."

"What fate, Hubert?"

"Whether you accept my aunt's one useless gift, myself, with the rest of the property," he said, with a very forced effort at gayety.

"Hubert," said Lucy, kindly, "but for your aunt's sudden illness, we should ere now have been husband and wife, should we not?"

"Yes, my dear cousin; but then my aunt wished it, and you did not know how rich an heiress you were."

"And do you think that would change me?" asked Lucy, sadly and thoughtfully.

"My own darling, perhaps not; but it is wearisome to go away, to live months apart, and not know whether at the end of the time you may not have changed."

"You love me very dearly?" she asked.

"You are my first—my only love," he returned, earnestly.

"But had I been a poor girl?"

"The question is unkind; you know what my feelings have been, and it is cruel to seem to doubt me now!"

"I will not. Hubert, such love as I have to give, the first pure freshness of a maiden's heart, is yours. It has always been so from the moment we spoke, and now will you go away?"

"What will the world say?"

"What world? The outer people only care for me as an heiress—a rich woman, who has money to spend—and they will wait until the time of mourning is ended to swarm around the favorite of fortune. What may happen in the meantime they care not. Hubert!"

"Lucy!"

"You will not misconstrue me, will you?"

"Dearest, say—do what you will!"

"I should like, ere we settle down as solid and proper English people, to see Rome, Naples, Venice and the other places you talk about."

"There is only one way," said Hubert, with sparkling eyes; "we must be married quietly."

"But what would be said? Would it not appear indelicate?" replied Lucy, shrinking.

"Dearest, our marriage was only put off by the accident of a sudden illness. Why should we not obey the wishes of her who was so anxious to see us united? Remember, eleven months of separation, with all the accidents of flood and field, far apart from one another, you without a proper guardian—"

"It shall be as you will, Hubert."

The young man expressed his deep and earnest satisfaction in the usual loverlike manner, and then left to take his way to London, whither Miss Lucy went up a fortnight later, with Jenny as her only attendant.

A very few days after, these two were married. It is true that the recent death of Lady Hester saddened their happiness, but not wholly.

They were united forever in a well-known West-end church, without any pomp and circumstance, and went down that night to Dover, whence, after a short interval, they proceeded to Paris, where Lucy astonished some of her humble friends by imparting the news, and then moved forward in the direction of Switzerland and Italy, where the raptures of Lucy knew no end or bounds.

All was fairyland to her, and when the end of the year approached, it was almost with a feeling of regret that she turned once more in the direction of home.

Still England had its charms, and there were very many reasons why they should visit the mansion which was to be their future home, and which, under the guidance of Seymour Scratton, was being cleaned and renovated, without being modernized.

At length they reached London. The year was up, and it was only proper that they should risk the world's censure by announcing the real date of their marriage.

But the world took very little notice of it, as whenever they called anywhere, the chief talk was of Sir Vincent Mordaunt, who had discharged his steward, dragged over a hundred thousand pounds of overcharges from him, under the threat of a criminal trial, and married Lady Blanche, daughter of the Countess of Bellisle.

He was now thriving again, and had just entered Parliament—where he was not, however, expected to make much of a figure—with a view to elevate his position and lay the groundwork for future greatness.

There was a peerage in the family, and it had advanced one or two degrees nearer to his person, which made a very great difference in his position.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Treherne went to the Clarendon, and many were the cards left when the announcement appeared in the Morning Post. Among others was that of Sir Vincent Mordaunt, Bart., M.P. But Hubert took no notice of it—neither he nor his wife felt any inclination to forgive him, whatever they might do to others.

Jenny and Dick Dart were still their only servants, and both were faithful in their way, though Jenny could not compel herself to like the half-witted groom and valet, who, as yet, carried about with him, as a sacred guard against all other women, the image of a little child of eleven, with bare brown legs, blue eyes, and curly hair.

Orders were sent down to prepare Trendledeep for their reception, and then both proceeded to do the usual amount of London shopping, which is quite essential previous to a journey in the country.

The husband and wife drove chiefly out together, though the whilome poor artist did once or twice visit the studios of his old friends.

One of these was Blazier, who was famous for his dashing portraits. Though the artist was busy, he was admitted, and found his friend just wishing good-afternoon to a gentleman of tall and majestic exterior, with dark complexion and beard, who was wrapping up a young lady carefully in a cloak.

On seeing Hubert he turned away abruptly, and hurried from the room.

"I knew the face, and cannot recollect the name," said Treherne. "Why should he avoid me?"

"One of your old foreign chums, perhaps. Great traveller, wonderful man, but don't know his name. Got to paint himself, his boy, and his girl in turns. You can look at them."

And he withdrew a curtain, exhibiting the foreign-looking gentleman, a youth of about fourteen, and a bright, elegantly-dressed girl of eleven.

"Expression familiar, but don't know the children," said Hubert. "Well, one does see so many faces. Will you give us a month at the manor-house? You shall paint your humble servant, Mrs. Treherne, and family *tableau*, and what not."

"I will come to see you, Hubert, because you are a good fellow; but I want rest, so won't promise you any work. Will Christmas suit you?"

"Exactly; I shall expect you earnestly," and after a few words of old times the friends parted, and Hubert returned to his hotel.

As he reached the steps, a man lounged across the road—a rough looking fellow, but not dishonest in appearance.

"Mr. Hubert Treherne?" he said, touching his hat.

"Yes, my good fellow; what can I do?"

"Well, sir, I've got some queer news for you, sir. I'm from Gibbersmoor."

Hubert started and turned very pale as he listened.

"What is it, my man?"

"He's out again, and Gilbert Scarum with him. Old Danarip don't want you to know anything about it, 'cos he wants to charge; but says I to myself, says I, 'Master Hubert won't mind a guinea or two to know the truth.'"

"Here are five, my man. When did this happen? Which way have they gone?"

"A fortnight ago. I heard him say the night before he left, it was a rank shame you should have the girl and the money too, and he'd have a shy at you both."

Hubert was horribly pale, and trembled so he knew scarcely what he did or said.

"Now, my man," he exclaimed, after some little time, "you post down to Dartmoor; keep a good lookout, and it shall be the best-paid piece of work you ever did. I will follow to-morrow, and you can report to me."

"Certainly, sir," said the man, again touching his hat respectfully, and leaving Hubert Treherne more miserable than he had felt for many a long day, and miserable, too, with a misery which he could not confide, even by a hint, to his wife.

That evening he took her to the opera, to distract his own attention, and then, as they retired to rest, expressed a sudden wish to start for home the next day.

"Humble as I am personally," he said, with a strange smile, "I have my own private business, which must, I find, be attended to; so, if the *shatelaine* of the manor will yield to the vassal of Trendledeep, he will be highly gratified and honored."

"My dear Hubert, your wishes are commands. I will rise early, and have everything ready at whatever hour you like."

"Thank you, dearest," said Hubert, who, however, despite his apparent early hour of retiring, rose haggard and unrefreshed.

The shadow had fallen on his path already—and what a shadow!

Even Lucy was forced to admit that his manner was constrained and cold, when he was simply anxious, with a deep and fervid desire to avoid unnecessary evil and trouble to her.

In this mood, slightly influencing their tone of conversation, the young couple approached their home—their Eden of promised happiness.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.*)

☞ ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand engaging ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when these are united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regard of all.

LESLIE EARL'S ROMANCE.

The Academy of Music was a brilliant vision of beauty and elegance, that December night, when Frederick Worthington leaned within the entrance, to the left of the parquet, to catch the last strains of the well-known orchestra.

Before the opening chords of the next symphony commenced, his eyes glanced rapidly along the rows of faces until he reached one, and there they fastened with mingled curiosity and interest. The unconscious object of his gaze was a lady whose face was partially shaded by the dark, drooping plumes of her hat. Her eyes were downcast, and her rich dark hair clearly defined the contour of her serious face. On either side of her sat two very beautiful ladies attired in full opera-costume, and evidently there "to see and be seen."

Suddenly the concentrated wail of many violins recalled the audience to the realm of exquisite harmony. Worthington was preparing to turn toward the orchestra, when the lady of his regard raised her eyes swiftly to the level of the stage, a warm flush stealing over her face, then fading into perceptible pallor; her eyelids drooped heavily, and a quivering play around the mouth, revealed to him her sensitiveness to the delicate rendering of a mournful adagio. So startled was he by the capabilities of so young a face, that his glance became more and more keen. Soon a sweet allegro stole charmingly upon the senses of the infatuated audience, and with bewitching effect upon the face he was observing. Her lips parted in a naïve, comprehensive way, and closed in calm delight. Her attitude was that of an eager child bending slightly forward, and yet indicative of the most lovely repose.

Worthington was aroused from his contemplation by a friendly arm interlocked in his own, and Harry Rushton's voice in his ear:

"How many of these people would rather see an opera—a French opera—eh?"

A half-abstracted smile stole over his friend's face. "Yes, I suppose the majority are here because the Thomas concerts are fashionable."

"How about the minority?"

"Merely the old attraction of the needle and the magnet, I should fancy," replied Worthington, rather evasively.

"How many fair ones have you tried to captivate, Fred?"

"Having been captivated by one—I cannot report my own conquests!" he replied, mockingly.

"And *that* one—where is she—quick—tell me?"

"Hush!" said Worthington; "they are commencing Beethoven's Heroic Symphony."

"I'll join you later," said Rushton, while the man he was leaving glanced furtively at the countenance before him, and again saw her become the victim of the music's caprices. Her face now fully uplifted was brilliant with fleeting expression, the arch curves of mouth and chin were fairly dancing. A flash of humor and coquetry sparkled in her eyes. The scarlet lining of her velvet cloak was partly revealed by the careless attitude, and contrasted with her otherwise dark attire. A restless smile came and went, as she alternately watched the flying zigzag movements of the violinists, and looked down at her slender nervous fingers. As if by magic Worthington caught her mood; his mustache curved, revealing the glittering teeth, a lock of hair fell comically over his forehead at a quick, impetuous move of the head, his eyes were an illumined reflection of hers, he was hearing every note of the music and watching every change in her face.

While standing passively, with this unwonted excitement in his face, her eyes intuitively turned slowly upon him for the first time. He quickly averted his own, but their gleam attracted her gaze. She quietly studied him, her face varying curiously; then her eyelids fell suddenly, and she still seemed in contemplation of the lineaments that had arrested her participation in the music.

At the close, in the crowd, Worthington lost sight of her. He was soon joined by Harry Rushton, who almost immediately bowed to a lady, preparing to descend the steps. Worthington followed his glance and saw one of the companions of the lady whose face he now saw again.

"Who is she, Rushton?"

"Rose Cameron, one of our belles," said he with a little satisfied smile.

"And the lady with the old gentleman on the first step?"

"I can't tell you, my dear boy—but wait—something has happened—I see by Miss Cameron's face!"

The latter was talking to a gentleman who had evidently brought them disagreeable information. Rushton was at her side in a moment. After a little conversation he was whispering to his friend—

"Worthington, their coachman has been drinking, and consequently ran their barouche in and out among other carriages, and had a wheel taken off. Old Cameron is hopping. Rose's friend Miss Bellenden is of the party and her cousin! the deuce take it!"

"Introduce me! I may be of service," said his friend quickly. In a few minutes Miss Cameron, her friend and her little sister were quickly seated in Harry Rushton's carriage, and her father and cousin stood on the curbstone. Worthington offered his coupé to them, and expressed briefly his regret at the evident discomfiture of the party.

"Many thanks! yes—it's very unfortunate—my niece here has just recovered from a long illness, and I don't care to expose her to the draughts of street-cars—ah! excuse me—my niece Miss Earl, Mr. Worthington! Well, well, my dear sir, I'd be obliged if *you would* allow her a seat in your coupe (I see Harry has organized his party) while I look after my barouche."

"I can easily walk, uncle!" said the lady with a shade of annoyance in her tone.

"What nonsense, my dear; what impoliteness to Mr. Worthington; if Rose and Alice are so selfish as to look to their own comforts first, some one must look after you, and I'm that man!"

"Thank you!" she said to Worthington, "I will ride with you." He bowed and handed her into the carriage, gave the order to his coachman and slammed the door. Leslie Earl was so unexpectedly the debtor of the gentleman opposite, that she found it impossible to begin a common-place remark even. He, however, ventured to break the silence by saying—

"I am sorry you have been sick!"

The gas lamps revealed a little incredulous smile in her face.

"I see you doubt me," he said quickly.

"Not you, but your conventional remark."

"But I *am* sorry?"

"Thank you!"

He began to feel a little vexed; then committed himself suddenly by saying—"You are still listening to the music, I see."

"No; on the contrary, I'm trying to forget it."

"Why?"

"Because it is best for me."

"Without doubt, yes."

She looked at him, surprised out of her reserve. Her lips grew tremulous and her voice shook as she said, "I'm sorry I cannot laugh and talk just now."

"You are not compelled to entertain me," he said, cheerily.

"I am not ungrateful—only stupid," she said, excitedly.

"Tell me, was the music pleasure or pain?" he said, waiting her reply, and leaning eagerly forward.

"Both."

"I should have expected a much older person to have made that remark."

"I am old."

"How old?" he queried, laughingly.

"Twenty-two," she replied, briefly and without any fashionable hesitation.

"*I* must then be decrepid in your fancy, for I am thirty-two."

"Quite so; your voice even has a quaver in it," she replied, mischievously, with a low laugh of pure amusement.

"And yours, I dare say, is capable of semi-quavers, for I imagine you sing!"

"I play."

"Will you play for me sometime?"

"No."

"Not when I am such an improvement upon the 'Good Samaritan?'"

"No, sir! I do not care to oblige you in that line."

"Indeed, I'm half a mind to set you down on the pavement," he said, with his hand on the check-string.

"Do so; for we are home! This is the house on the corner."

"Is it?" said he, with regret in the question. "May I call upon you to-morrow?"

"Why, yes! They will be glad to see you, if you won't come in this evening?"

"I did not say '*they*,' I said *you*."

"Me? Why I shall be glad, too, I suppose," was the frank retort.

"If there is any doubt about it, I'll not come!" he remarked, as they ascended the steps of her uncle's residence.

"Dear me! I did not mean to be so rude. I was thinking of something else. Of course we'll be glad to see you!"

"Worse and worse!" he said, comically, as he rang the bell. She suddenly burst into tears, but quickly tried to regain her composure. Astonished, he said almost coldly:

"I accept the amendment, and will call with pleasure."

She bowed without a word. The footman opened the door. She passed in hastily, then turned into the vestibule, away from the hall light."

"Have the rest returned, John?"

"No, miss."

"Will you come in and wait for Mr. Rushton?" she said, formally.

"Well, yes, if agreeable."

"Certainly."

He followed her into the library. A low fire burned on the hearth, the heavy walnut book-cases and easy-chairs seemed to the frosty outsiders a luxurious reception. She removed her hat, and sat down in the easiest chair, evidently forgetting to have the gas lighted, as the room was rosy with the reflection from the grate. He followed suit.

"I'm afraid you are not quite strong enough to go out so soon after your illness," he said, kindly.

"I never used to be so babyish," she said, deprecatingly.

"Not babyish, but nervous," he replied, looking at the high, broad forehead, shaded by the softly-gathered sweeping of the hair back to the low coil in the neck; at the pathetic eyes, capable of glittering mirthfulness in healthful seasons, but tonight deepened with languor and thoughtful intensity.

"I came in to convince you that I did not misunderstand you. I think you polite—more so than those who would have overwhelmed me with thanks," said he earnestly, looking into her dark, serious eyes.

"Do you?" A pleased, grateful smile stole softly over her lovely face.

A loud peal of the bell echoed and re-echoed through the hall, and a minute later many voices were heard. Frederick Worthington arose before they had time to enter the library, and held out his hand to Leslie Earl. With composure and yet a partial shyness she placed her own lightly in it without a word. He joined the party in the hall, and she resumed her seat by the fire. Soon she heard the "good-nights" spoken and the door close. After a little delay, Rose and Miss Bellenden passed up-stairs, while Mr. Cameron entered his study at the end of the hall. Leslie was still gazing into the red coals and wondering over her life-story, like most young people. Like many others, she had been deprived of home and parents early, and had assumed the diversion of mind and support physically in teaching music and other branches in the home of kind benefactors in New York. Over-taxation had mastered the delicate organization, and she was this winter recuperating under the kind indulgence of her uncle's family in Philadelphia, with the intention of resuming her labors in the spring. Usually her vigor and contentment with her duties, her mirth and elasticity, counterbalanced all the loneliness created by memory of lost kindred and fireside; but since her sickness she seemed to have lost the power of suppressing the yearning ever present with the sensitive nature.

The luxury of her present home and that of the one so recently left could not supply those out-reachings for sympathy, or for those half-appealing eyes *entire* forbearance of the chilling carelessness of conventional life. She began to think herself the most unreasonable of beings. She vainly enumerated her various blessings. She wondered why she had cried at Worthington's jesting, when Rose would have gayly laughed. She began to plan how she could grow like other people; but it ended in her becoming weary of that impossibility, and disappearing slowly up the stairway.

"Leslie," said Rose from a small sewing-room, where she had carelessly divested herself of wrappings, and stood in her elegant costume near the door, "Leslie, so Mr. Worthington brought you home?"

"Yes."

"Is he anything like Harry Rushton?"

"No."

"Did he seem polite or bored?"

"Both, I imagine."

"You flatter yourself—candidly, I must confess."

"Oh! Rose, I am *so* tired."

"Are you? Poor child. Well, kiss me good-night."

After Leslie had disappeared, Rose remarked to Alice Bellenden, "Do you know, I don't think it ever enters that child's head that she could be admired by men?"

"Well, I suppose she goes out into society very little," returned Alice indolently.

"*Very* little—*too* little, in fact—it's a shame!"

The following evening, when Worthington and his friend entered the parlor, they saw Rose and Alice lounging in two chairs, idly crocheting, their heavily-corded silks falling in graceful folds around them, and their contrasting beauty a picture for an artist. Leslie Earl stood, leaning her elbow on the low black mantel; tall and graceful in her black cashmere dress, with a rosy shade of chenille in her hair and suspended from her soft lace ruffle. Her face was so bright, Worthington could hardly associate it with that of the evening before. She seemed to be listening to the peals of laughter from Rose and Alice, curiously half-conscious, thus implying herself to have been the occasion of it.

"Excuse our laughter," said Rose, after her graceful salutation, "but my cousin here is becoming so witty; we are unable to preserve decorum."

Worthington glanced mirthfully at "my cousin" who was now demurely seated at the end of the room intensely grave; but the hint of a mischievous smile somewhere lurking in her face. After her sober bow she had walked away. The two gentlemen devoted themselves to the two ladies for fully an hour. Eventually Worthington crossed over to her and said, probably for the lack of something better,

"Do you refuse to talk over last night's gallantry, as your cousin and Miss Bellenden are now doing?"

"Oh! I'll select some especial occasion for that; express it in a gilt-edged note, perhaps."

"But I shall sail for Havre, Thursday, so it's now or never!"

All the brightness of her face vanished, but after a minute she said quite steadily, "why not defer it till your return."

"Oh, I'll take the gilt-edged note then, that you can send in a week or ten days across the sea." She shook her head. "Why not?" said he, lowering his voice. She turned with evident difficulty and looked him in the face.

"I do not know you."

"Yes, you *do!*" he replied, irritably.

"I do *not*," she said, her voice full of regret, yet firm.

"Miss Leslie," interrupted Harry Rushton, "you will surely play for me this evening?"

"Certainly," she said, crossing to the piano; the lid of which Mr. Rushton had already raised. Her fingers wandered over the keys idly. "Play Schumann's Moudnacht, Leslie!" said Rose. "It is vocal, but she has lately transcribed it for the piano," she added to Mr Rushton.

Worthington had listlessly seated himself near the instrument, thinking moodily "only last evening she refused to play for *me*." They waited for her to commence.

"Wouldn't you like selections from Oberon instead, Rose?"

"No!" said Rose, laughingly.

Slowly, clearly, delicately from the depths of the shadowed corner came the melody of Schumann. Its wondrous beauty stole over the senses of the listeners like the calm of an exquisite evening as the blending harmony was so skilfully woven in the accompaniment, the song of the human heart rose higher and fuller in the treble till the gentlemen were impelled to raise their eyes to the fair face of the performer. So transformed was it, so surprised out of ordinary expression, that they seemed to see another person. Her eyes were following no notes, neither resting upon the keys, but centred upon the glow of the bright fire. Her lashes half concealed them—a mingling of joy and pain flicked in the half-smile of her charming face. Worthington thought bitterly, "Why had I only two days of her acquaintance? when I return, where will she be? and yet what right have I to demand a future of her?"

He looked at Rushton with smothered jealousy, but that worthy was absorbed with the thought of Rose; but how was his friend to know that? You never can make a man believe that all other men are not in love with the lady of his choice. The song without words died away. Worthington arose and stood near her. "You have transcribed that?"

"Yes."

"And will play it for me when I return?"

"Yes, if I am staying here."

He secretly wondered where else she would be staying. The words were on his lips, but the others with his friend Rushton were drawing near. They all parted kindly. Leslie Earl gave Worthington a steady little hand—but her eyes were on the floor. A merry "bon voyage" rang after from Rose and Kate Bellenden, and a low "God speed you" from Leslie.

* * * * *

One year later, Frederick Worthington arrived in New York one summer night. As he was strolling toward the Fifth Avenue Hotel—he heard the notes of a piano issuing from a brown-stone house near his destination. He slackened his pace upon recognizing the "Mondnacht" of Schumann. The piece had evidently been suggested to the performer by the lovely moonlight night.

Knowing it to be a vocal he was sure he was hearing the transcription of Leslie Earl. With one bound he ascended the steps of the house, and had pulled the bell ere he thought or weighed his impulse. It was promptly answered by a colored waiter.

"Is Miss Earl at home?" he queried.

"She is, sir. Please walk in—your card, sir?"

"Just say a gentleman wishes to see her."

He was ushered into a parlor, having a glimmer of light from the adjoining library or music-room. He looked through the curtains and saw a little boy reading near a table and a lady seated at the piano. She arose at the entrance of the servant, heard his low announcement, then bowed affirmatively, leaned over the little boy—saying:

"Come, Archie, say good-night to me as punctually as if your mamma were with us."

He arose rather reluctantly, clasped his arms tightly around her neck, then scampered off good-naturedly. She came down the hall and entered the parlor, admitting a broad stream of light as she did so, and revealing to her astonished gaze the tall figure of Frederick Worthington.

"Do you know me—now—" he said, advancing with a smile, and using her own words at parting. She stood still in amazement.

"Tell me! I did not mean to startle you, but do you know me now?"

"I have met you before, I think." She tried to say it mischievously, but her eyes betrayed her. "But," she added tremulously, "you cannot want me. Mrs. Lindsay lives here; she is in Boston. I am her governess."

"Are you? I am nobody's tutor, but your humble *servant*—that is, if you don't object."

She moved toward the library, and then turned her head partially, saying, "Mr. Worthington, the library is lighted; this way, please;" and she parted the heavy curtains and entered a room opening out upon a balcony, and hung with curtains of flossy lace which the light breeze was wafting to and fro. A delicate drop-light sent a soft glimmer upon the India matting and exquisitely-delicate articles of Chinese workmanship. The ponderous book-shelves were contrasted with slender tables and a low mantel, upon which were vases of flowers and one or two graceful statuettes. It was entirely unlike the conventional furnishings of a library. A piano across the end of the room was piled with loose music, and one or two low hassocks were pushed toward the centre-table. She pointed to an easy-chair, and seated herself on a divan opposite.

"You did not answer my question, Miss Earl."

"Oh, 'Do I know you?' Let me see; I must certainly have seen you somewhere to have been able to tell your name!"

He looked at her amusedly.

"I merely thought I would call and ask you for the piece you promised to play upon my return—and I have just returned."

"The Mondnacht," she said simply. "It is here."

He bowed. She looked at his calm face, and a swift sorrow shaded it for an instant; she arose and crossed to the piano, placed the piece on the music-rack and commenced. It was like the reading of some poem by a harmonious voice. The treble notes came to him like a clear, ringing bell heard on the water, and the bass like the sad monotone of the sea at night. He thought of himself as he had stood on the deck of the homeward-bound vessel the evening previous, with no face, no home to welcome him.

Like the woman near him, he was without relatives. His father had died when his college career had ended, and his mother he had never remembered, having never had her care. He had philosophically faced the blank before him—it was quite natural—he started lonely, and of course returned equally so. He had wondered whether he should meet again with the same interest the earnest face he saw for so short a time before his departure, and here she was.

He turned and looked at her as one in a dream. In a mingling of gaslight and moonlight he saw a face almost transfigured by conflicting emotions. Her eyes were raised partially to the music before her, but were filled with a hesitancy and tenderness that made them glow darkly. About the oval of the chin and mouth lights and shadows were quivering, but through them an undefinable pathos gave it the appearance of sculptured expression. Her hair of shaded darkness was held carelessly by a coral comb, and rolled loosely back from her temples. Her dress of some thin gray material fell in light fulness around her, and was silvered here and there by the moonbeams shimmering through the curtains and reflecting the lace-work in the flounces. A profusion of scarlet fuchsias and sweet alyssum were fastened by an elaborate Etruscan pin to the ruchings about the throat. There was a repose about her that made him dread the finishing of the piece. As she played she seemed to be going farther and farther away from him. She had lost the first consciousness of his presence, and was alone in thought with her theme—it was translating her thought. It was telling him what he wanted to know—of her solitary life and her accustomed calm recognition of it. As the last note vibrated on his ear he felt returning ease—joy even, as he saw that she remained in the same position in total silence.

He walked over to the piano and leaned upon it, saying—

"You were playing that before I came in, I believe."

She looked up quickly, and flushed deeply.

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that I might hear it again—come back to hear it?"

"No—I was not unreasonable enough to expect that."

"And yet *I* was unreasonable enough to think you *might* expect it."

A lovely, deprecating expression stole over her face.

"You perhaps have many friends of whom you *do* expect unreasonable things, I presume," he continued, lightly.

"They are imaginary friends; and I cannot therefore be held accountable."

"Dear me! merely spectres? Why is it you cannot enumerate your 'dear five hundred,' like other ladies?"

"I am poor," she said, quietly.

"As if *that* could make any difference with *you*," he said, seeming suddenly earnest.

"It *does* make a difference," she returned, quietly, closing the piano.

"It *does* make a difference, that's a fact—I feel it myself."

"What do you mean?" she said, growing a shade paler, and in a suppressed, yearning voice.

"I mean that it leaves a woman growth in the riches of her character—and different therefore in the eyes of those who have no claim to her generosity, in that respect."

"The difference—is often painful,"—she began and stopped.

"Miss Earl," he said, "coming a step nearer, "I am poor—not in money—but in friends. I have never felt that poverty so forcibly as when returning from my travels; there are many I know in this city to-night, who will remember me because I am not penniless; can we have any poorer homage?" he said, bitterly.

Leslie raised her eyes searchingly to his, and then let them wander toward the balcony.

"You are worse off than I am," she said, with amused satisfaction.

"Decidedly so," he said, following up his advantage; "and it seems to please you!"

She smiled peculiarly. He waited for some reply, but none came. "Is this woman a coquette?" he thought, studying her intently.

"You have no need of a friend perhaps," he suggested, cautiously.

"I might say the same of you," she returned.

"But *I have*—*that* I have already tried to convey—"

"So you did—I am sorry—"

"But can't you help me?" he said, impetuously.

"I am afraid I cannot," she said, with an indescribable change in her tones.

He looked at her in keen suspense.

"Do you dislike me?" he said, with a growing fear in his heart.

She shook her head negatively and turned away from him.

"I was foolish enough to think that you might care for me some day"—he said the words with difficulty, and with increasing agitation—"I don't know how I could expect such a thing, when you've no knowledge of me. I can't help it—forgive me—I will go. I never meant to declare myself so suddenly. Good-night," he said, slowly walking around to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

There was a droop in the figure with its hands interlocked, and her face was nearly resting upon the flowers on her breast.

"Good-night!" he said again.

"Good-night!" she said, raising her head and bursting into tears.

"Leslie!" he exclaimed, with a great joy surging through him. "Is it the same with you? Do you love me?"

She moved away from him and stood as if battling with some inner struggle. With

strong doubt and keen pity he tried to forget himself and walked over to her.

"If I have wounded you in what I have just said—let me be to you a friend—if you cannot love me?"

"My trouble is that I *do* love you!" she said, in a very low voice.

The sudden removal of his suspense almost overmastered him, but he remained quiet with his inherent comprehension of the delicacy of a woman's nature.

"Why should it trouble you?"

"It is so soon. I tried to *forget* you when you were away—indeed I did!" she said, with the earnestness of a child.

He laughed out gayly and took one of her hands in his.

"Then it is pride?—dear me! I had no idea there was so much of that quality in you. My trunks are unpacked. I suppose I can go back again, and we can correspond a year, so as to give this 'indecent haste' conventional prestige."

A little low bashful laugh escaped her, and yet there were tears glittering in her lashes.

"Leslie," he said, with a manly tremor in his voice, "I did not try to forget you; and the only apology I can make you is that of loving you beyond control—"

A deep conscious blush crept over her fair face, and he did not finish the sentence in the way he had intended. A church clock warned them of the hour, and Worthington left her standing near the bow-window wrapped in blissful quiet. After he left the house he looked up.

She was still standing between the lace curtains—motionless. He raised his hat reverentially, and she made him a little elusive bend of the head. A stranger passing and noticing the salute of these two people would never have dreamed that they had each found their paradise so short a time before. SPHINX.

ON KEEPING SERVANTS.

BY DAISY BURNS.

"How many servants does Mrs. So-and-so keep, Daisy?" asked a comely matron of me a few days ago.

"She keeps none," I replied. "She does her own work except in cases of sickness."

"Keeps no servants!" exclaimed the horrified lady. "You don't tell me so! why I thought she was one of the most refined and respectable ladies in our town; but keep no servant? Good gracious! I never thought of such a thing."

Hear that! Mrs. So-and-so was not respectable and refined, because she kept no servants. I never heard of such an idea. Why a woman is never so noble as when she yields to the necessities of her position, and, if requisite, does her own work. I love to see it, and I feel a perfect contempt for such women as this comely matron.

I know Mrs. So-and-so well. I know there is none more respected than she is, and if you can find a more refined lady anywhere I'd just like to see her. And here is this comely matron who hasn't an idea above her pretty face and imagined elegance, and who can't compare in point of intellect and refinement with Mrs. So-and-so, setting herself up as a model of refinement, because *she* keeps a lot of trifling no-account servants around her. And it's just for the name, every bit of it, for they are no account in the world; such a trifling set I never saw. The cook don't half cook; the house-maid—but the look of the house tells what she is; and the nurse is everlastingly bumping, scratching or some way hurting the little ones. This comely matron leaves her home and children in care of the servants, while she props herself up in the parlor to receive company or read novels—and this is elegance.

Whereas Mrs. So-and-so is a sensible woman, she has no sham servants about her—no, not she; a woman is truly blessed who has a *good* servant, and if she knows on which side her bread is buttered she'll be kind to and keep her; but Mrs. So-and-so has never found a good one, consequently she prefers having none. Mrs. So-and-so rather than see her husband sit down to a bad meal, goes and prepares that meal herself; rather than have her friends find her house untidy attends to that also; in fact, Mrs. So-and-so is chief cook and bottle washer of her own establishment. Hurrah for Mrs. So-and-so I say; would there were more such as she, and fewer such as the comely matron of whom I have spoken.

This thing of "we can't do without a servant" is all nonsense. That word *can't* I never could have any patience with. We *can* do almost anything if we try, and one of the easiest things we can do is to do without servants. Some, I know, have large families, and it is impossible to get on without help; but I have seen some women who have no families save themselves, husband and maybe one child, yet they must have servants, and often they are more torment to them than comfort. Some folks think a great gang of servants a mark of elegance, they think they appear grander to have it said how many servants they keep, and to some it is very galling to their false pride to have it known by their friends they do their own work; that hurts worse than the work itself. I know some women who sit back with their lovely daughters because they wish to appear refined and elegant—in idleness, while poor father has to work hard to pay the servants' hire. But a woman can work and still possess that refinement essential to a lady.

I am not a housekeeper, I never was one; but if I were, you'd never catch a servant about me, unless she was a remarkably good one.

Keep Your Word.

When you promise to do a thing, be sure to keep your word, as well for the sake of truth as in justice to others. This very interesting story is told of a boy who was singularly faithful to his word. He borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand and did not return until late. Before he went away he was told that his brother should see the tool returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found that the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think that his promise had not been kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search he set off for his neighbor's to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's door-steps! And it then appeared, from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried it home, and went to bed again and knew it not. Of course a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.

MY FAIR CLAIMANT.

I had just returned from India, after five years' residence in Pagoda-land. I had been fortunate beyond all expectation, and now, at eight-and twenty, had attained to a position in an eminent mercantile house that insured me present competence and opened out before my eyes the prospect of wealth in the future.

When I came back to England with uninjured health and undiminished energy, a sense of loneliness saddened me, nevertheless. My father and mother both died before I completed my college career; and I had neither brothers, nor sisters, nor cousins. I should have been alone in the world but for an old maiden lady, an aunt of my mother's, who took an interest in me, and proposed not only to enable me to continue my studies at college, but to make me her heir, on condition that I should enter the Church.

I felt grateful to the dear old soul, and having no particular bent any other way, I, for two years, devoted myself to preparation for the pulpit. Gradually, however, a conviction gained ground in my mind that my vocation was not that of a preacher. At last I felt the necessity of stating the fact to my aunt, who thereupon quarrelled with me and sent me about my business.

After that I knocked about London in a purposeless sort of way till the few hundreds that formed my inheritance were nearly exhausted, when a friend who had received an appointment in India proposed to me to accompany him. Having no ties in England, I closed with his proposal, most luckily for me as the event proved.

I had now just returned, as I said before, and had taken apartments in St. John's Wood, and the first Sunday after my arrival, strolled across the park in time for morning service at one of the churches beyond the eastern boundary. I walked slowly; the aspect of an English Sunday was delightful to me after my long absence. The service had begun when I entered the church, and was shown to a seat parallel to the wall, in one of the side aisles, the rows of pews facing the pulpit being before me.

As I stood up to join in the service, my eyes were attracted by one of the loveliest faces that ever gladdened the heart of man—at least, so it appeared to me, accustomed as I had been to the dark or pallid beauties of the East. She stood so that I could not look straight before me without seeing her, and I must confess my thoughts that morning were not so devoutly fixed upon my book as they ought to have been.

When the organ ceased, she happened to turn her head, and her eyes caught mine. With a start and a vivid blush, she regarded me a moment, and a bright smile irradiated her face. She nodded, and made a movement with her lips as if to form some word, but the prayers began and she turned away again, keeping her head bent over her book. During the interval before the sermon, however, she again smilingly glanced toward me. Then touching an elderly gentleman who sat near her on the arm, she whispered in his ear. I perceived an expression of surprise on his countenance, that changed to a smile, as he looked toward me and nodded.

What did it mean? I felt completely puzzled. I tried to recall to mind the people I had known before going abroad, but the countenances of those before me were perfectly strange to me. The lady must number some three or four-and-twenty years, I thought, so that five years before she would have been little different from now, and it was totally impossible I could have seen that face and have forgotten it.

But a greater surprise was in store for me. The service over, and the congregation beginning to move, the lady came forward, holding out her little delicately gloved hand.

"Francie," she said, or rather whispered, for people were crowding about us, "did you think I should not know you? You must have come here to meet us; did you intend not to speak?"

I felt that there must be an error somehow, but I could not resist touching the hand held out to me. With those deep blue eyes full of a sort of reproachful entreaty raised to mine, I was bewildered, and I am afraid I reddened and stammered in a stupid manner, as I expressed my fear that there must be a mistake.

I was interrupted, however, by a touch on the shoulder from the elderly gentleman before mentioned, and the exclamation, "All right, come along; Mrs. Hargrove will be delighted to see you. We'll have it out afterward."

Well, we were stopping the way, and a crowded church is not a favorable place for explanations, so I followed; the blue eyes looking back upon me as we reached the porch with another glance of entreaty, and lips that seemed to say "Come."

I again stopped as we reached the open road. "I really must not intrude upon you under a misconception," I said. "My name is Trafford."

"Trafford, is it?" returned the gentleman I took for granted was Mr. Hargrove, with a curious smile I did not know how to interpret. "Well, perhaps it is more prudent" This he said in an undertone; then aloud, "Come, Mr *Trafford;* you surely don't intend to fight shy of us? Why, Edith there would break her heart!"

Another vivid blush, and a quickly withdrawn look, half shy, half imploring, finished me off. Why should I not accept the friendship so unexpectedly thrust upon me? Who could tell what might come of it? When the mistake, whatever it was, came to be cleared up, could I not easily bring forward vouchers for myself, and ask permission to continue the acquaintance on my own account?

Mr. Hargrove lived close to the church; no time remained for further parley. He opened the door with a latch-key, and ushered me in. Edith—as I had ascertained the name of my enchantress to be—immediately ran up-stairs, and I heard her voice calling, "Mamma! mamma! Francis has come home—he is here!"

We had scarcely reached the dining-room, where a plentiful luncheon was set out, when I heard the hurried rustling of silk, and a lady entered, holding out both her hands.

"My dear boy," she said, "you're welcome back to England!"

It was the first welcome I had received.

"The Indies seem to have agreed wonderfully well with you, Francie. You're twice the man you were, and ever so much handsomer. Isn't he, my dear?" said Mr. Hargrove.

"Well, Francie, I must say you are remarkably improved. You will excuse an old friend for saying so. I am not quite sure that I should have recognized you as quickly as Edith did. But being sunburnt and wearing a beard makes a difference." So saying, Mrs. Hargrove motioned me to a chair opposite Edith, who just then came in, and sat down to the table.

I began to feel puzzled again. Did they know me after all? and ought I to know them? They seemed to be aware of my sojourn in India, and it was quite true I had not cultivated a beard before leaving England. And though I had never been accustomed to be called "Francie," it was not an unlikely substitute for my name, "Frank."

In this state of perplexity I answered that I had not suffered from the climate, and, that, of course, five years ought to make a difference in manliness.

"And you have done well for yourself?" Mr. Hargrove asked, casting an approving eye over my outward man.

"Fortune has done well for me, sir," I replied.

"I am glad to hear it, heartily glad," returned Mr. Hargrove. "But what do you mean by fortune?"

"I mean that I owe my rise in a great measure to a happy accident," I rejoined. I then related how I had become aware of an impending crisis, and how, by immediately acting upon my knowledge, I enabled my employers to realize a large sum, and brought myself under their notice. I concluded by stating that I had now returned as junior partner.

"In what house?" Mr. Hargrove inquired.

"Amory and Gregson," I answered.

"By George! That's capital! Well done, Francie!" he exclaimed. "I should not have given you credit for either the intelligence or the pluck necessary for such a stroke."

"Oh, papa!" interposed Edith.

I smiled. I had not known that want of pluck had ever been one of my reputed failings.

"I suppose you have seen no one since you came back?" said Mr. Hargrove, leaning toward me in a confidential manner.

"No one but my partner," I replied.

"I think I can make it all right for you in that quarter, you know. It is time bygones should be bygones." And Mr. Hargrove nodded, as much as to add, "Trust to my influence."

Could he make it all right for me? He must be on intimate terms with my Aunt Dunstanley, then, and I ought, at any rate, to know the name. Hargrove—I racked my brain in vain; I only became more bewildered.

I thanked my kind entertainer, however, and said that the offence I had given had always been a subject of regret to me, and that I should rejoice to be received into favor again.

"Right," responded Mr. Hargrove; "and there was cause of offence, certainly," he added, significantly.

A few more questions as to my present standing and prospects were asked and answered, and then I rose to go, still more than half doubtful whether I was an intruder, or whether I had suffered some strange lapse of memory.

"I am so glad you have come back in time for my birthday, Francie," said Edith, as I took leave. "We are going to have an evening party, and mind I shall never forgive you if you do not come in time to dance the first dance with me."

I do not know what I replied; something dreadfully idiotic, I am sure. I returned home scarcely knowing whether I walked on my head or my heels. I forgot my dinner, forgot my afternoon cigar, forgot everything but Edith Hargrove.

Business did not get on well that week. Edith's face kept appearing to me when I ought to have been thinking of nothing but invoices and bills of lading, and her voice sounded in my ear and made me absent when spoken to. I had to tear up a sheet of paper, having found myself addressing a respected Asiatic correspondent of our house as "My dearest Edith," and our head clerk gravely brought me back a cheque on which I had signed myself "Yours, devotedly, Frank Trafford." I found out that to pass Mr. Hargrove's house was the nearest way to the city, and once caught sight of Edith's face at the drawing-room window.

On the Thursday, when I arrived at home, I found Mr. Hargrove's card, with an invitation to the dance on the following Wednesday. This, as it was addressed to Mr. Trafford, I persuaded myself that there was no reason why I should not accept.

The following Sunday found me in the same seat at church, and again I accompanied home to luncheon my new, or old friends—for I could not yet clearly see my way through the mystery of my reception. A Mr. Stedhall happened to be with them that day, so no opportunity occurred for private conversation that might have enlightened us as to our mutual relations.

Being a lovely afternoon, Mr. Hargrove proposed that he, Mr. Stedhall, and Edith should walk across the park with me. The two elder gentlemen walked on in front, and I dropped behind with Edith. She began to question me about my life in India, and I, having no reason for concealment, told her of my difficulties at the beginning, and how much my friend Fergusson had helped me in making the first start. As I looked at my companion I perceived that there were actually tears in her eyes.

"I always told them that all you wanted was a good start," she said. "If ever I meet that Mr. Fergusson, I am sure I shall love him for his kindness to you."

This was undoubtedly affectionate, but, under the circumstances, slightly embarrassing. However, she seemed to have had an accurate knowledge of me, and of my circumstances. It was quite true, a good start was all that I had wanted.

"It is very odd," she resumed, after a pause, "but we always thought of you as in the West Indies."

"I was never in the West Indies; I went direct from here to the East," I replied.

"Ah! it must have been Mrs. Summers' mistake, then," she said; "but go on, tell me more; I am so interested."

Who the deuce is Mrs. Summers, I thought to myself; but as the question was a matter of no consequence, I did not put it, but complied with Edith's request

"Oh, Francie! how nice of you to remember my taste so well," she exclaimed as she gave me her hand.

I made no disclaimer, though in the choice of roses I had consulted my own fancy, being necessarily ignorant of her preferences. I merely pressed the little fingers, and reminded her of her promise for the first dance. Whatever mistake or misconception there might be, I did not propose to seek an explanation that evening, but determined to make the most of my time in endeavoring to render myself acceptable. My anxiety to gain a footing as a friend on my own account was intense, as how could I know how matters might turn out?

In the course of the evening, after a waltz, Edith and I turned into the conservatory. After talking for awhile, and finding more and more how singularly our tastes and opinions agreed, Edith drooped into silence. By and by, she drew off her glove, and began turning round on her finger a ring set with turquoise and pearls in the form of forget-me-nots; evidently with the intention of attracting attention to it.

I turned first cold and then hot, while a sharp pang darted through my heart. It struck me that it must be a betrothal ring, and that becoming aware of the attraction she had for me, of my admiration, she had taken this means of letting me know that she was pre-engaged. Shyly glancing up, she observed the emotion I could not conceal.

"You see I have worn it all this time;" she whispered softly. "I believed in you when no one else did, and oh, how glad I am that you have justified my faith in you!"

I drew a long breath, feeling as a criminal must do when a reprieve is announced. But what could I say? I longed to take her in my arms, to press her to my heart, but this I had no right to attempt. Neither could I put her to the confusion of letting her see that she had been making that sweet confession to a wrong person. I fancied I could perceive in her eyes, and in her voice, that her heart might turn toward me, and I resolved to win it if possible. How did I know who and what the real "Francie" might be? Some one perhaps, from remarks Mr. Hargrove had let fall, quite unworthy of her. I only wished he might remain where he was, and not turn up to trouble us, for I resolved not to give her up to a rival who perhaps, after all, only existed in idea.

Fortunately, I was not called upon at that moment for any line of action, for the partner to whom Edith had promised the next dance came to claim her, and soon after I left.

In a few days business summoned me to Liverpool, and I had only just time to leave my card at Mr. Hargrove's door before I went. My affairs detained me at that busy centre of commerce upward of a week.

One evening, on returning to the hotel where I had put up, I found the passage blocked with luggage. This did not surprise me, as a West Indian steamer had just arrived, and this particular hotel was largely patronized by the voyagers across the "big drink." Steering my way amongst the impediments, my eye caught the direction on one of the boxes.

"Mr. Francis Goodwin,
"Passenger."

"Francis Goodwin!" It happened to be a name connected with no pleasant associations, and one that had scarcely crossed my mind for years. There had been a ne'er-do-well youth at college of that name, between whom and myself so extraordinary a likeness existed that I got the credit for more than one of his scrapes, and even narrowly escaped being rusticated. It was not my place to poach, and he would have allowed me to have been the scapegoat—sneak as he was—if my tutor fortunately had not been able to prove that I had been engaged in reading with him at the very time the little game in which I was supposed to be concerned was played out.

I came across Goodwin again in London, and found him as idle a vagabond and as great a sneak as ever. He was then connected with a merchant's house, but on account of a disgraceful transaction that, though never quite proved against him, was more than suspected, he was compelled to leave, and was recommended to go abroad. I became cognizant of the affair through Fergusson, and with the knowledge I had of his character, entertained not the shadow of a doubt of his guilt.

The sight of the name on the big sea-chest recalled all these facts to remembrance. Thought succeeded thought rapidly. Could it be possible that this vagabond was the Francis for whom I had been mistaken? My physiognomy was surely not modelled after so common a pattern as to have more than one counterpart in the world. It was a question I could not at rest, and at once.

I changed my intention of going into my own apartment to write letters, and turned into the coffee-room instead, and there, sure enough, seated at one of the tables, was the individual I expected to see. But, good Heavens! Could that loose-limbed, fishy-eyed, sallow complexioned, weak-jawed individual bear any resemblance to me? I do not think I have more than my share of vanity, but I must own a cold shudder ran through me as I asked myself the question. I satisfactorily answered it in the negative, however. Goodwin was immensely altered, and had evidently gone to the bad at a quick pace. I walked up to him as he sat, his head half buried in a newspaper, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Goodwin," I said, "what brings you back to England?"

He started as if he had received an electric shock, and turned as white as the yellow of his skin would allow.

"Halloa, Trafford!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand with a feeble attempt at appearing unembarrassed and glad to see me. "Why, who would have expected to meet you here?"

"There are more improbable places than Liverpool wherein to meet a man of business," I replied. "You have just landed, I suppose?"

"Yes, just landed—and awfully seedy," he returned.

"I should have thought you would have done better to remain where you were," I said.

"Why so?" he asked, with a quick, suspicious glance.

"If you don't know, it is no matter," I answered, as I drew out my cigar case. "Have a cigar—and come up to my room. I should like to have a word with you."

Again the suspicious glance as he took a cigar.

"You need not be afraid," I said, in answer to his look, "I have no wish to rake up old stories."

"All right, old fellow, I'll come," he rejoined, as he languidly rose from his seat, stretching himself with a half-suppressed yawn.

"What will you have?" I asked.

He chose brandy; so ordering the waiter to take what was wanted up-stairs, I led the way, my former counterpart following.

When I had got him comfortably seated, with his cigar in good order, I began cautiously to feel my way by asking him what he had been doing: and thereupon he confided to me a tissue of idleness, weakness, and general incapacity, such as it had never before fallen to my lot to contemplate. Of course, he laid everything to the score of ill-luck. I never knew an imbecile who hadn't a stone to fling at fortune.

"And what do you intend to do now?" I inquired.

"I shall go up to London; I have friends there, even if my family will not help me," he replied.

"Do you happen to know any one of the name of Hargrove?" I asked, relighting my cigar, with a pretence of indifference.

"Hargrove! I should think I did," he returned, the look of uncomfortable suspicion returning to his face. "What do you know of the Hargroves?"

"I met them a little while ago, quite in a chance way, and from something Hargrove let fall, I fancied they must be friends of yours."

"Oh!" he rejoined, seemingly reassured. "You know Hargrove was in my father's office; my father thought great things of him, and lent him money when he wanted to begin business for himself. You see, after that, while my father kept losing money—worse luck—Hargrove kept making it. That is how it was. Of course the money lent was paid back, and went with all the rest, but old Hargrove seemed to think he could never do enough for me. He got me into that situation, and I believe intended to take me into his business ultimately, when that infernal story came out. I suppose you know Edith?"

"I have seen Miss Hargrove," I replied. I asked no further questions. I knew that my man was like one of those ill-seasoned casks that are sure to leak sooner or later; and by and by, sure enough, it all came out with many complaints and needless expletives.

It seems that Edith and he had been companions in childhood, and he had taken advantage of her old feeling of kindness for him and her tender-heartedness to work upon her compassion. He had made love to her more for the sake of the fortune she would inherit than from any profound attachment to herself—that much I gathered from his confession. He had tried to persuade her that she alone could be the saving of him, but she refused definitely to bind herself till he had proved himself more of a man. He did not use that expression, but I give the meaning of what he did say. She had, however, accepted a ring, with the understanding that if he returned to England in such a position as would enable him to speak to her father, she perhaps might not say him nay.

I ground my teeth while I listened. Could it be possible that Edith would love, would engage herself to this idiot? Would he be able to persuade her that he had fulfilled the conditions?

I suppose he observed a frown on my brow, for he said anxiously: "I say, old chap, you are not going to put a spoke in my wheel, are you?"

"Not I," I answered, with the mental remark: "You may be trusted to do that for yourself my fine fellow, or I'm much mistaken. Look here, Goodwin," I continued aloud. "So far from interfering between you and Hargrove, I will lend you a helping hand myself, if I can. But upon one condition."

"What is that?" he inquired, dubiously.

I then reminded him of his old college-days, and the confusion that had arisen from the singular likeness between us. I also told him, as much as I thought necessary, of the mistake, as I now clearly perceived it to be, that had been the means of introducing me to Mr. Hargrove's family.

"Now, I don't want there to be any mistake," I went on. "I wish to be received there on my own merits, and what I desire is that we should go up to town together, and that we should present ourselves to Mrs Hargrove together. She will then see with her own eyes that we are not one and the same person."

To this Goodwin agreed. He was anxious to get to London, where he seemed to be convinced some wonderful stroke of good fortune awaited him; all his former backslidings being, of course, sunk five fathoms deep; and, as I could easily conclude the business that brought me to Liverpool the following morning, we decided to start by the afternoon train.

I took all the arrangements into my own hands, and carried off my man as proposed. For fear he should give me the slip, when we arrived in London I took him home, and got my landlady to give him a bed. The following morning Goodwin tried to wriggle out of the agreement. He would rather see Hargrove himself first, he said. But I would not listen; I had too much at stake, and was determined to ascertain at once what chance I had with Edith.

"If the door is to be closed against me in that quarter, the sooner I know it the better, for the sake of my own peace," I said to myself.

When I sent for a "Hansom," and my companion found I could not be moved from my resolution, he submitted, saying that he only wanted to see Mr. Hargrove first for fear of agitating Edith by coming upon her too suddenly.

I assured him, however, that her agitation on the supposed recognition of him had not been excessive, so that excuse was not valid. It was a silent drive. In spite of my assumed calmness, my heart was in my mouth, as I reflected that the next hour might level with the ground the beautiful fabric I had built up in imagination. But as I had told myself before, if such was to be my fate, the sooner I knew it the better. I felt, therefore, thankful to find that the ladies were at home, so that I should have to endure no further suspense.

Had it been a less serious matter to me, I should have been amused with the start of surprise and the look of bewilderment with which the announcement "Mr. Trafford and Mr. Goodwin" was received.

"Give me credit for my self-abnegation, Mrs Hargrove," I said. "I have brought you the real 'Francis.'"

Goodwin had never wanted for assurance of a certain kind, and now proved equal to the occasion. He stepped forward to the front, and saluted Mrs. Hargrove with effusion, before she had time to utter a word. He then turned to Edith who had stood like a statue since she had first risen from her seat, and took her hand. I think he would have saluted her also, but with a look of grief and reproach directed toward me, she snatched away her hand, and, bursting into tears, fled from the room.

Many months have elapsed since that morning. Then the summer was in full glory; now another spring, with gentle showers and sunny gleams is wooing the blossoms to unfold. For a long time Edith drew back into such coldness and reserve toward me that if it had not been for the friendship of Mrs. Hargrove, to whom I confided my doubts and my wishes, I should almost have despaired.

I found from my kind consoler that Edith could not forgive herself for the mistake she had been betrayed into. Moreover, she had some romantic notion that she had pledged herself to Goodwin. Nothing should induce her to marry him, she told her mother, but she did not feel as if she ought to permit the attentions of another, till he set her free.

In the meantime, Goodwin made himself decidedly obnoxious. He plagued Mr. Hargrove and me. That might be endured; but he tortured Edith, and that could not be endured. His family would have nothing to say to him, in spite of Mr. Hargrove's attempted mediation. His usual ill-luck pursued him in London. Nothing proposed to him exactly suited. In short, he wanted an income, but desired that it should come without trouble or exertion on his part. Sometimes he talked largely about the free life of the colonies, and the fortune he could make if he could only get a start in Australia. So, one day, after he had been making himself peculiarly unpleasant, I went to him and asked him point-blank how much he would take to leave the country.

He made some show of bluster at first, but in the end we came to terms. Mr. Hargrove wished to take the whole expense of shipping him off upon himself, but this I would not allow, as the arrangement had been my own. It cost a good sum, but all I can say is that I considered it well laid out money.

My Aunt Dunstanley is staying with me at present. She is almost as much in love with Edith as I am. She has gone this afternoon on a diplomatic mission of her own undertaking. The egg-shell porcelain is set out in readiness for her afternoon cup of tea on her return. I pace the room restlessly, anxiously. I hear her knock; she comes in with the Indian cashmere and a beaming smile.

"Well?" I exclaim, my heart making an anvil of my ribs.

"I have been looking at that house I spoke of the other day, and I think it will just suit you," says my aunt, throwing off her cashmere, and seating herself before the tea-tray.

I know what she means; I throw my arms round the dear old lady and give her a vehement hug.

"Spare your transports, my dear boy," she says; "and you may as well hasten the dinner hour. Edith expects you this evening."

A Divorce Romance.

Some twenty years since, says the Cincinnati Times, the daughter of—at that time—one of our wealthy merchants was married under the most flattering auspices. It was not, however, very long before the pair discovered that there was not anything congenial between them, and, after living together some nine years and having three children, they by mutual agreement were divorced, the children remaining with the father, the mother being permitted to see them at her own convenience. The wife went home to her father, who shortly afterward died, hopelessly bankrupt. The woman who, previously, as the child of luxury and the wife of opulence, had never known what it was to want for a single thing, suddenly found herself thrown out upon the world, and forced to seek a livelihood as best she could. At first she undertook sewing for shops, then attending stores, and finally keeping a very plain boarding-house, in none of which did she succeed.

One day, when almost driven to despair, she mustered up courage and went to her former home and asked the one who had succeeded her as mistress of the house if she would not befriend her, even ever so little, as she was on the point of starving, as her wan and haggard condition too plainly showed. Women's ears and hearts are ever open to the sufferings of their more unfortunate fellow-beings. The unfortunate woman was invited to remain until the husband returned, which she reluctantly did, and when he came the matter was thoroughly discussed. It was mutually agreed for wife No. 1 to remain and make her home in the house over which she had once ruled as mistress. And there she is to be found to-day, seemingly satisfied with the change, and apparently not caring that the love that was once pledged solemnly before God to her alone, is now bestowed upon another.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

There were two young ladies in the street-car as I came up the other day. They were very prettily and tastefully dressed. Their clothes were expensive and fashionable. They were well-behaved girls, too, modest, polite and graceful in their ways, showing in every movement that they had been well brought up, by good and careful mothers and aunts and fathers. They evidently belonged to the better class of society. And how their two tongues did run! It is as natural for girls to talk and chatter as for water to run down hill. They talk as the birds sing—as the brook skips over the pebbles and dances in the sun. I don't deny that I like to hear girls talk, or that I am always guilty of eavesdropping when I hear a party of merry, pretty girls chattering away together in a street-car, or any place like that. I want to hear what sort of things they talk about, you know. I am actuated by a desire to obtain useful information.

These two young ladies had been shopping. Their heads, consequently their tongues, were full of the ineffable glories and beauties of dry-goods. I listened, like a mean sneak, and the first thing I heard, one of them opened her pretty red lips and said to the other:

"Wasn't them suits handsome?"

"Yes," said the other, "they was the loveliest suits I've saw this summer. I'm a going to coax my brother Tom to get me one."

"Your brother Tom is sich a good man, hain't he?" said the first young lady admiringly.

"Oh, *sich* a good man!" said the second young lady, enthusiastically. "To be sure, he hain't got them refined ways I'd like, but aside from them little things, there ain't no better brother than Tom Smith in the world."

"Yes; but he's a going to get married soon, hain't he?"

Get married! If I had a daughter, or a sister, or a grandmother who was guilty of the vulgarism of saying "*get* married"—I'm not handsome, and Heaven knows I'm not proud, but I'd disown that daughter, or sister, or grandmother forever. *Get* married, indeed! Anybody can get a new hat, and he can get a thrashing, too; but how on earth, pray, can anybody get *married*?

The pretty girl with the adorable brother Tom answered her friend as follows:

"Tom don't want that told yet. There ain't nobody knows it hardly besides he and I. It ain't a going to come off soon."

And so my two pretty, refined girls chattered on. Both had been to the high school, mind you, both could tell you that the noun in the nominative case is the subject of the verb, that prepositions govern the objective case, that two negatives are ungrammatical, and so forth. Both had been told repeatedly, too, that such expressions as "a going," "a coming," "a singing," "a riding," and such monstrosities of talk as "ain't" and "hain't" are odious vulgarisms. They both knew well enough that it was vulgar and ungrammatical to put the article *a* before a verb. I a wonder then why they a didn't a quit a talking so, and a correct each other when they a found that they were a making such work of their grammar? It was enough to a make a grammarian a jump out of his skin to a hear them. And I a hope I shall never a see them or be obliged to a listen to their murdering English again. You don't know how nervous it made me to hear them talk so outrageously—two such pretty, well-behaved girls as they were. It enraged every old schoolmistress instinct of my soul. It was like the old fable, wherein toads, frogs and lizards dropped from the mouth of a beautiful maiden.

So far as their clothes and outward adornments were concerned, those girls were the most pains-taking, careful creatures in existence. I would take my oath that they had each spent an hour in twisting their hair up on top of their heads, so that not a trace of a braid of it would peep down below their jaunty little turbans. And their dainty lace frills and pale pink neckties were marvels of construction. But that grammar! Oh, heavens!

A little while after I saw the two young ladies in a street-car, I had occasion to go to a drug store. While I was there a young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, came in. He wanted some prescriptions which the druggist had been ordered to prepare. He was a young man who had been to school several years in his childhood, had studied grammar to my certain knowledge, and passed for a young workingman of average information, an intelligent voter, and that sort of thing. But that young man gave me a shock that I haven't recovered from yet. I felt as Jonah felt when the whale swallowed him—startled like, you know. Blue horror assailed the roots of my hair. For that intelligent young American man remarked to the druggist:

"I want to get them there subscriptions which the doctor left here for my afflicted brother."

They say we speak better English in the United States than in any other quarter of the globe where the English tongue is spoken.

I suppose those two young women and that young man heaved a thankful sigh and laid their knowledge and practice of grammar away along with the old dog-eared book itself, when they left school. But I will tell you what I think. I think young men and women who murder their good old mother tongue so diabolically when they have had ample opportunity to learn better, ought not to be tolerated in intelligent society. There ought to be some penalty attached to such vile laziness and carelessness. It doesn't matter in the least about old people, for they had not the opportunities in their youth that we have. But it's just disgraceful for young people in this land of public schools to talk bad grammar, and use vulgar provincialisms and mispronounce words. I've noticed that people's bad grammar isn't so much because they don't know better as because they don't care. They don't want to mind their grammar, is the trouble. Most young people of these days have studied grammar, but for all the practical use half of them make of it, they would much better have put in the time hoeing potatoes or washing dishes, as the case may be. They have put their grammar by as something too fine for this world, to use when they go to Heaven, I suppose. But we don't know whether English will be the language spoken in Heaven or not. If they would kindly bring it out in this world, where it will do some good for certain, and keep it rubbed up bright by use—if people would only speak as well as they know, and transmit the habit to their children, I am sure posterity and the English language would be infinitely obliged to them.

Once, years ago, I remember a teacher whom I knew formed his class into what they called a Grammar Club, for mutual improvement. They each noted down a list of the prominent mistakes in grammar which they had heard during the day, and brought the list to the grammar-class with them, and after the parsing and all that was over with, they spent some time every day in reading and correcting the lists. It made the stupid grammar recitation lively, and improved those young people wonderfully. They criticised one another, they criticised their fathers and mothers, they criticised their teacher himself. When the year was over there wasn't one in that class who wasn't as correct a grammarian as the teacher. And to this day, wherever one of that "Grammar Club" is known he is noted for his correct use of language. You don't catch one of that class saying "them molasses," I assure you, or "those molasses" either. They are men and women now, and they are training their children in the same rigid, right way.

The world is made up of everyday people. It always will be. But there is no reason on earth, except just their own laziness and voluntary stupidity, why everyday people should not be the most refined and intelligent people in the world. Whatever it may be in other lands, in our country, thank Heaven! working-people can make themselves refined and intelligent. And any working man or woman ought to be drummed out of the world who will regard himself or herself for a moment in the spirit of a silly old fellow whom my grandmother once rebuked for his viciousness to his wife.

"No gentleman will swear at his wife," says my grandmother.

"Wait till I git to be a gentleman," says the silly old fellow.

But that's not about the King's English. I meant to say that among the thousand things which everyday people can and ought to do to elevate and enlighten themselves, is to mind their grammar. Young people might correct one another's mistakes, and have their own corrected in turn. Nobody but a fool and a donkey will be offended when a friend reminds him of a fault or a mistake. On the contrary, if he has a spark of sense, he will be thankful for it.

Let us choose our chums rather by their grammar than by their dress. Let us make ourselves fit to move on equal terms among well-educated people. Finally, let us watch our grammar, as our manners and morals, and always and in all respects make the highest and best we can of ourselves.

ZIG.

☞ There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give.

REMEMBERED.

Only a great green meadow, with an old oak-tree in the hedge,
Where the brambles were first to ripen, the sparrow was first to fledge;
Only a broad brown river that swept between willow ranks,
Where the tansy tangled the bindweed fair that graced the sandy banks.

Just the meadow, and the river, and a lane that joined the two,
And a marsh where marigold glistened, by forget-me-nots' vivid blue,
With the purple hills for a background, and a lark that always sang,
Till the bright keen air around it with the melody trilled and rang.

It is thirty weary years ago. Through many a lovely scene,
Through many a fair and storied haunt my tired steps have been,
Yet, whenever from life and its lessons I turn, a suppliant guest,
To the land where memory shrines for us beauty and joy and rest,

I know the scent of the tansy, crushed 'neath an eager tread,
I know the note of the skylark as it soared from its lowly bed,
I see the oak-tree's mighty boughs, I hear the willows shiver,
I see the blue forget-me-nots that grew by the northern river.

Fancies have failed and hopes have fled, and the prize but mocks the strife,
Death and sorrow with busy hands have altered the course of life,
But as fair and fresh as when down its path the fearless tourists sprung,
Is the meadow beside the broad brown stream I loved when all was young.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Making Our Tables Inviting and Pleasant.

Among all civilized nations the pleasures of the table are held in high repute, and it is considered very desirable to beguile the time consumed in eating by cheerful or instructive conversation.

And this proves the truth of the old proverb that—"*chatted food is half digested*;" while there is no doubt but that food eaten in haste, or under the influence of fatigue, anger or excitement, is decidedly injurious, and that dyspepsia, with its hundred attendant ills, will most surely follow such a disregard of nature's laws.

It is needful for us all to learn that *how we eat* has quite as much an effect upon our physical system as *what we eat*, and we should all strive to render these family reunions agreeable and pleasant, so that while we satisfy the cravings of our corporeal organizations we shall also minister to the delights of the heart and mind.

We, as a people, are charged with taking our meals with too great rapidity, and, as it were, bolting our food, rather than slowly enjoying it.

We are all making too much haste to be rich, and our business men think that they are losing time while satisfying the demands of nature; and the farmers and mechanics who ought to make the hour for meals one of pleasure as well as profit, feel that they have no leisure to linger at the table, and therefore devour their food with the haste and ravenousness of an animal. At least an hour should be set aside from the busiest day for the dinner—the chief meal of the day—and sociability and agreeable conversation should fill up the pauses between partaking of the various dishes.

A great deal of information can be imparted and received at the table; and fathers and mothers need to remember this, and instead of eating in silence or only speaking to find fault with each other, the children, servants, or food, should endeavor to lead the conversation, so that it will be cheering, genial, kind and social; and not depressing, annoying and disagreeable.

We all know of tables where the head of the family swallows his food in sullen silence, brooding over his business affairs, or if he does speak, it is only querulously; and the tones of his voice are not productive of pleasure.

Let us make it a rule never to bring annoying and perplexing subjects of conversation to the table, any more than we would serve disagreeable dishes.

Let us strive to make our tables pleasant; to spread them with an inviting array of pretty dishes; to have the linen of as nice a texture as our means will permit, and always unsoiled and uncreased; to place a vase, or a basket or dish of fragrant flowers, and delicate ferns in the centre of the table to give the eye something pleasant to look upon, and you will soon learn that their odors will not decrease your appetite.

Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's wise man, always had a bunch of flowers upon his table, and until we have tried their effect, we cannot imagine how soothing and agreeable they are.

Place flowers upon your table; if you cannot obtain a large quantity, take a few roses, or pansies, or daisies with a cluster of green leaves, and you will feel their influence very quickly. Leigh Hunt tells us that flowers on the morning tables are especially suited to them. They look like the happy wakening of the creation, they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the smiles of our home, the graces of good-morrow, and are proofs that intellectual beauties are in ourselves or those about us—some Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or in ourselves some masculine tenderness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

All of us cannot obtain glittering silver, exquisitely-tinted china, beautifully engraved glass, and the finest of napery; but *most of us* can gather a bouquet of flowers glittering with dew-drops, whose bright loveliness will eclipse the silver, glass and china, and render the homeliest surroundings attractive.

Many a wife or husband makes it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to gather a tiny, button-hole bouquet every morning, and place it upon the napkin of the other. Children take great pleasure in bestowing this pleasing little attention upon their parents. And no one can doubt but that an extra relish is given to the breakfast which is thus adorned.

We ornament our tables with flowers when guests are present—now let us begin to do so for our families.

We know of one family where the only child was taken away by death's resistless hand many years ago; yet her memory is always cherished as warm and fresh as at the first bereavement; and in summer or winter, spring or autumn, an exquisitely-shaped vase of snowy whiteness, filled with a few fragrant flowers, graceful ferns, and trailing vines, is always placed in the centre of the table, *in memoriam*; and it would not be displaced on any consideration.

Thus at every meal the fair daughter's presence is recognized in the emblematic shape of the lovely but perishing flowers.

There is a great deal of theory and speculation at present, in regard to the kind and varieties of food we shall eat; but comparatively little is said or written upon the influences of the surroundings and circumstances under which our meals are served.

Now, we think that these are of as much importance as the quality of the food, or even its quantity.

When we are borne down with anxiety or grief, we know that we cannot eat, indeed we feel no desire for food, this is a fact all must acknowledge; so also if we are not amused—are not at our ease, and our happiness is not consulted as well as our appetites, the food cannot answer its purpose—cannot sustain the mind as well as the muscles.

It is the duty of every member of the family to endeavor to contribute his share toward making the table agreeable. The small, sweet courtesies of life should always be observed while eating, as a matter of principle. Space fails us to enlarge upon this subject as we would desire, but in another article upon "*The Fine Art of Eating*" we can give it more scope.

And meanwhile, let us beg of our readers to make the most of their dinners no matter how plain the dishes. To have their tables well served and furnished as well as well-spread, and above all to banish from them everything which is depressing to heart and soul.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

SPRING IN KANSAS.

BY ANICNARF.

DEAR POST:—In our school compositions we were wont to inform our patient teachers and juvenile audiences that "spring is now here." Adding, as our proof for the assertion, that "the trees are putting forth their green leaves, and all things look green and pleasant." I know not where all of my schoolmates are now sojourning, but I, as one of that band of eloquent writers, feel like taking up the old subject and announcing to the remainder, or such of them as may perchance read this "proclamation," that "spring is now here." I should not have believed that April and the greater part of May were anything but reasonable sorts of Februarys, had any one told me but D. Jayne & Son, and Messrs. Ayer and Hostetter. But now, I require not the evidence of even those important individuals to convince me that "spring is now here." I have been impressed for more than a week past that I must write to the dear old "Post," and describe our beautiful Kansas spring; but now that I have commenced I *feel* how inadequate my pen is to the description.

Had I an endless page of emerald-velvet green, and might write the words with violets, daisies, buttercups and *sheep-sorrel blossoms*—(I see a derisive smile across the features of the reader when he comes to this, which proves beyond doubt that there is nothing, whatever, in that oft-repeated assertion "There is nothing in a name." Sheep-sorrel blossoms are as pretty as violets, or daisies, and prettier and more delicate than the aristocratic buttor-cup, yet, they are *sheep sorrel* blossoms, and forsooth, we pass them by in scorn.) If I might *punctuate* my floral sentences with glittering dew-drops; if I might *emphasize* them with the bracing western wind, which keeps our horses' tails in a horizontal line while they (the horses) are quietly grazing on the western prairie; if I might interline them with bright, variously-shaded green leaves of the fragrant woods; if I might perfume them with the breath of a thousand flowers, and set them to the music of a thousand singing birds, and the murmuring of the crystal waters, and the mysterious echoes in the grand old aisles of the forest; with the solemn interlude of rolling thunder, and the low alto of the moaning storm-wind, and the gay, joyous chorus of children's happy voices over all—if I might do all this!

Or, if you might stand where I have stood,

"And view the landscape o'er,"

you would see green prairie for miles in all directions, dotted with the cheerful homes of wealthy farmers, whose industry is shown in many cultivated fields and orchards fair with the promise of the coming harvest. You would see the "cattle on a thousand hills." You would breathe air as fresh and balmy and as full of fragrance as did our first parents in the garden of Eden. (I have a patent out for calling Adam and Eve "our first parents.") And if you did not happen here on an exceptional occasion, the gentle zephyrs would make it necessary for you to hold on to something while you are making these observations. Excuse me if it appears to you that I am unnecessarily severe about prairie breezes; I am a "monolunatic" on the subject. I consider it—the wind—the only blot on Kansas's fair fame. I want you to know that if anything or any person is *almost* perfect, I have no patience at all with what faults *do* show themselves. It seems as if a blot shows so much plainer on a fair surface. And now I have written on spring, and it will be out of season before this reaches you. But I will venture no farther. If I am unequal to the task of describing gentle spring on the prairies, how much less could I do justice to gorgeous summer. Oh! the luxurious verdure of the vales and hills and "wide spread plains" that makes one think that the fate of Nebuchadnezzar would not have been an unenviable one if he had grazed in Kansas.

The fair, strange flowers, nameless, "unless the angels have named them;" the delicious strawberries, hidden like rubies in emerald leaves, and sparkling in dew-drops "diamond bright;" the *wind*—but I fear I shall rave again, and will close immediately.

P. S.—A "gentle zephyr" came rolling along just now, and wafted a few planks off of the board-pile. No lives lost.

A GOLDEN DAY.

BY W. W. HUTCHINSON.

They tell us that days in Heaven
Are fairer than those below;
Not since my day of sunshine,
I last hardly thought it so.

There was never a day of summer
Before, with a sky so fair;
It seemed like the harbor of Heaven,
With a light sail here and there.

She said that the clouds were ghosts of ships
Lost on the treacherous sea,
And wove me a story about each wreck
As its phantom urfled tree.

And talking thus, we drifted
Near to the low green shore;
Our boat's keel touched the silver beach,
And told that our voyage was o'er.

We anchored in a ferny nook,
Where with a wood of sun,
The fairies of the shadows
Had a beautiful carpet spun.

We sat and watched the shadows
As they drifted, one by one,
Into the gloom of twilight,
And our golden day was done;

Till the day and the joys it had brought me,
Were a memory of the past;
Oh, never was born a morning
That found not night at last.

Then in the holy silence,
We turned our boat from shore,
And steered away from dreamland,
Into real life once more.

In the secret chamber of my heart
Was hung, that golden day,
A picture fast night nor shadow
Can never hide away.

Biographical Sketches.

WILLIAM TELL.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

In the commencement of the fourteenth century, Albert of Austria looked from the throne of the Germanic empire, and saw that a few families of peasants living among the snow-crusted peaks of Upper Helvetia (Switzerland) were independent of his regal authority. His father, Rudolph of Hapsburg, had protected these sturdy mountaineers; but he resolved to reduce or seduce them to submission. He dispatched governors, officially entitled Bailiffs of the Empire, into Switzerland. The rule of these tyrannical lieutenants was signalized by every species of oppression and cruelty. The crimes perpetrated by these despots, dressed in a little brief authority, cried aloud to Heaven for vengeance, and Heaven alone could hear—for the bailiffs took good care that the complaints of the outraged Swiss should never reach the ears of the emperor.

At last goaded beyond endurance, thirty conspirators met at the Grütli, a promontory on the border of the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night of November 17, 1307, they descended from their mountain homes, and stealthily crossing the lake, swore, "neither to suffer injustice nor to commit injury; to do no violence to the imperial bailiffs, but to put an end to their tyranny." The day of rising was fixed for the first day of the new year. Tradition says that when this patriotic oath was uttered, three miraculous springs burst from the ground at the feet of the three leading conspirators. William Tell was not present at this meeting. He was a poor, unpretending peasant, not supposed by the conspirators to take any interest in the political state of the country; but he afterward proved that, when the holiest and tenderest feelings of his nature were aroused, he was capable of acting as the liberator of countrymen!

Gessler was one of the most tyrannical of the imperial bailiffs. Becoming aware that his insolence and cruelty had excited the murmurs of the people, he resolved to crush all symptoms of disaffection. He ordered a pole to be erected in the public square of the town of Altdorf. On this he perched his hat, surmounted by the Austrian crown. He ordained that all passers-by should bow to his hat and the symbol of Austrian rule. Guards were posted at various points in the vicinity, in readiness to seize all who refused to perform this servile act of submission.

The mass of the citizens and peasants made the required obeisance. One alone conscientiously refused obedience to the bailiff's mandate. This was William Tell, a fisher and hunter from the canton of Uri. He believed that in uncovering his head and bowing before a material object, he would be giving to a creature the honor due only to the Creator. He therefore walked rigidly upright through the square and past the crown and hat. The archers seized him and bound him to the pole, while word was sent to Gessler that a rebel had been captured.

The imperial bailiff was delighted. He at once hastened to Altdorf, resolving to make a terrible example of the contumacious peasant. The scene between Tell and Gessler has been so admirably depicted by the genius of Schiller, that it seems almost like profanation to attempt to describe it in plain prose.

Tell's young son Walter was standing near him when Gessler, accompanied by a numerous retinue, reached the square of Altdorf. Gessler smiled sardonically and said—

"They say that thou never know'st what it is to miss thy mark, Tell."

WALTER. It is true, my lord. My father can hit an apple at a distance of one hundred paces.

GESSLER. Tell, is yonder boy thy child?

TELL. He is, my lord.

GESSLER. Hast thou many children?

TELL. I have only two sons.

GESSLER. And which of them dost thou love the best?

TELL. They are both equally dear to me.

GESSLER. It is well. Since thou canst hit an apple at a hundred paces, thou shalt instantly prove thy skill here in our presence. Take thy cross-bow. Happily thou holdest it in thy hand already. Prepare to strike an apple placed on the head of thy son. But I counsel thee to take good aim, and transfix the mark at the first attempt, for if thou fail'st, thou shalt lose thy head!

In vain Tell piteously implored that the bailiff might annul this cruel sentence. Gessler was inexorable. Walter was placed under a tree with the apple on his head. Tell at last despairingly consented to the trial, but before shooting, he placed a spare arrow in his vest, intending in case he murdered his child, to make Gessler pay the penalty with his life.

The dreadful moment came. Tell drew his bow-string. Peasants and citizens grouped themselves around in terrified suspense. The arrow whistled through the air, and cleft the apple in two. Walter took the apple and joyously carried it to his father.

Gessler, fearing that Tell might excite his countrymen to insurrection, determined to imprison him in a fortress on the summit of Mount Right. Not wishing to confide his prisoner to the custody of any other than himself, he embarked with a few guards, some rowers, and an incompetent pilot in a small boat to convey Tell across the lake. They had reached the middle of the lake when a terrible storm came up. The tempest increased in violence; the boat among the rushing waves seemed like a frail toy tossed about by ruthless giants.

"William Tell is the only man in Switzerland who can save us!" cried the rowers.

Gessler ordered them to relieve Tell of his heavy irons. Tell took charge of the helm. He directed the boat toward a spot on the shore, known only to himself. Suddenly he sprang upon a reef, and giving the boat a kick, sent it spinning among the war of waves. He then hastened homeward, to meet his wife and child.

At daybreak Gessler was able to land. He immediately started on Tell's track, proclaiming that unless the fugitive surrendered himself, his wife or one of his children should suffer death. While loudly venting his threats of vengeance, an arrow sped from an invisible bow, and cut short Bailiff Gessler's career. The archer who sent the avenging shaft on its mission of death was concealed among the forest trees, and his name was never discovered. If it were Tell, he never avowed the deed.

The cruel scene in Altdorf square proved the spark which was to set all Switzerland aflame. The whole country was aroused by Gessler's act of inhumanity. Switzerland arose, broke her chains, and was once more free! And to the unbending firmness and devotion to principle of the simple peasant, William Tell, Switzerland owes her freedom.

[*Note by the Editor.*—It is well that our readers should know the above story of William Tell; but it is also well that they should know that it is generally admitted now that it is doubtful whether such a man as Tell ever existed. Contemporary historians, who wrote of the uprising in Switzerland, make no mention of William Tell. And the story of the Archer and the apple is one of very great antiquity, and found, it is said, among the records or the fables of many nations, from Scandinavia to Persia. It is not at all unlikely that it will be found to have an astronomical basis.]

LOVE IN A DAIRY.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Of all the spots for making love
Give me a shady dairy,
With crimson tile and blushing smile
From the presiding fairy!
The jolly sunbeams peeping in
Through vine leaves all a-flutter,
Like greetings sent from Phœbus to
The goddess of "Fresh Butter!"

The swallows twittering in the eaves,
The air of summer blowing
Through open door from where a score
Of tall rose-trees are growing;
A distant file of hollyhocks,
A ragged bush of tansy,
And, nearer yet, beside the steps,
A gorgeous purple pansy.

Suggestive scents of new-mown hay,
From lowland meadows coming;
The distant ripple of a stream,
And drowsy sounds of humming
From able-bodied bees that bury
About the morning glory,
Or dawdle pleasantly around
The apple blossoms hoary.

A rosy bloom pervades the spot,
And where the shadows darkle,
In glittering rows the shining pans
Show many a brilliant sparkle.
As snowy as my lady's throat,
Or classic marble urn,
In central floor there proudly stands
The scoured white-wood churn!

And she who reigns o'er churn and pan.
In truth, my friend, between us,
My dimpled Chloe is more fair
Than Milo's famous Venus.
Mark, mark those eyes so arch and dark,
Those lips like crimson clover,
And ask yourself, as well you may,
How I could prove a rover.

Talk not to me of moonlit groves,
Of empress, belle, or fairy;
To me the fairest love of loves
Is Chloe of the dairy!

CHINESE PROVERBS.

BY MRS. FANNIE B. FEUDGE.

The Chinese are very fond of proverbs, some of which are keen and satirical, while they evince a very close observation of human nature. Many of them are not unlike familiar aphorisms in our own language. As:—

"Eggs are close things, but the chicks come out at last."

(Murder will out.)

"A bird can roost on but one branch; and a mouse can drink no more than its fill, though a river be before it."

(Enough is as good as a feast.)

"One lash to a good horse, and one word to a wise man."

(A word to the wise is sufficient.)

"Never climb a tree to catch fish."

"Win a cat, and lose a cow," (ridiculing the folly of going to law for trifles.)

"Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth."

"An avaricious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant."

"Two skins cannot be stripped from one cow."

(Meaning that there is a limit to extortion.)

"To suggest evil to the wicked, is like teaching a monkey to climb trees."

"Exaggeration paints a serpent *and adds legs*."

Of a spendthrift, who spends as fast as he gains, they say—

"All that a fish drinks, goes out at its gills."

"A blustering fellow is like a paper tiger." Not to be feared.

"Dig a well before you are athirst;" *i. e.* be prepared for contingencies.

"To give advice to a fool, is pouring water on a duck's back;" *i. e.* a fruitless task.

"When the tree is felled, its shadows disappear; *i. e.* when a great man loses his money, *friends* vanish.

"Borrowed money makes time short; working for others makes it long."

"Kindness is more binding than a great gift."

"The right should be preferred to one's own interest."

"The man who conquers himself, is happier than he who overcomes his enemies."

"Lookers-on are better judges of a game than the players."

(Self-interest often blinds one.)

"Lavishness tempts to dishonesty."

(Waste makes want.)

"Idleness opens the doors to wickedness."

(Satan finds mischief for idle hands, &c.)

"Better to sweep the snow from one's own door, than busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles."

(Mind your own business.)

"One who swallows fast, chews but little; *i. e.* books read rapidly, profit little.

☞ Beauty is very much a matter of taste, for many ladies designated as plain have been found more amiable, more agreeable, and more fascinating than those considered as handsome. Regular features are all very well; but they only appear doll-ish, when they beam not with the light of amiability and intelligence.

SUMMER EVES.

My mind is full of memories to-day
That have the magic of old nursery rhymes.
While Kate and Totty here have been at play,
Have I been in a trance of other times—
Of summer eves that slid by, one by one,
Like angels passing to another land,
But two have left their joys, though they are gone,
And lift the curtain with a gentle hand.

It was a summer eve when Arthur came
And spoke the things that I may not forget:
The poppies then, as now, were all aflame,
And there was sweetness with the mignonette,
That night a new moon sailed, and spoke of truth
That should encircle all our years below:
Our love, like to the moon, was in its youth,
And there was hope in its faint, tender glow.

A summer eve again he came to me,
And I was joyous, who had been forlorn;
We sat together by the apple-tree,
And ere he left we knew our marriage morn.
That night a half-moon lit the moving length
Of forest trees; and our love, like the morn,
Had more of gentle light and passion's strength,
And it would come to sweeter fairness soon.

The summer eves fell into summer days,
And each bright day new happiness was born,
Till we went by the quiet village ways
To Abbey Church, and it was marriage morn.
That night the full moon rose with glorious shine,
And showed the garden treasures at our feet;
And our love, like the moon, was full and fine,
And our divine fellchy complete.

GUY ROSLYN.

MANUEL THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR,

Whose name on account of circumstances connected with the story is kept secret at her own request.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SINKING SHIP—ANOTHER WARNING—THE DANISH TRIAL.

And now they felt the wild, glorious freedom of the first hour at sea. No land was visible, yet to them the mighty solitude seemed peopled with unseen hosts, from whose unseen dwellings came the murmurings of lute-like voices.

Had mines of treasures been emptied upon the swelling floor of the waves, they could not have displayed more splendor. The red flush of rubies vied with the brilliance and flash of diamonds, and far as the eye could reach, the ocean shone as if strewn with precious stones.

They were never weary of examining the vessel, of listening to the quiet ripple of the waters under the keel, or of watching the varied glories of the heavens. And when the motion of the ship became at all disagreeable to the young bride, there was the beautiful cabin, with its couches, its library, its many contrivances for ease and comfort. She had brought her maid with her, a bright mulatto girl, full of fun and frolic; and when at a loss for amusement this merry servant was ready with song or story. Still, she did not dare to whisper it to herself, but there were shadowy forebodings in her heart—something seemed to forewarn the approach of evil. There were times when she strove to banish it, when leaning on the arm of her husband she listened to the story of his infancy, or smiled at the portrayal of his pleasant home. Yet her dreams were startling and uneasy—most of them merely frames for the changing face of the Dane. Now it was dark, scowling and malicious—anon smiling, peaceful and so like her husband, that she thought, perhaps, for his sake, she could love it. Then came the awful dread of sudden death—*he* held a poisonous shaft ready to aim it at her heart—or forced the cup of poison to her lips. Of these strange dreams, however, she said nothing to her husband, holding her promise sacred, though the secret kept the roses out of her cheeks.

The brig was a beautiful sight when under full way, with her studding-sails alow and aloft, looking so trim, graceful and stately. For nearly three days she kept on her course without taking in a single reef. The sailors had little active work to do—the officers were indulgent, and the vessel in complete order. The men sang and chatted at their watch on deck, spinning yarns of perils at sea, and of wives or sweethearts at home.

A small, lithe, extremely agreeable man was the captain—very fair and ruddy, and possessing a cast of features displaying a disposition of great sweetness—with eyes large and nearly as passive in repose as those of an infant. None would have thought, marking the girlish sweetness of his smile as he talked with Della, that he was capable of strong emotion or decided action. To be sure, there was a promptness and quickness in his manner and language that impressed the beholder, but almost any spectator would have pronounced him a man of only ordinary capabilities and average courage. By birth he was a Dane, but he spoke the English language with great fluency and correctness, as well as the French and Portuguese.

His crew consisted of ten men before the mast, most of whom were English and Americans, there being but two or three of his countrymen among them.

The captain was quite young, and his brother Henry—the first officer on board—almost boyish in appearance. As his name was nearly unpronounceable, he had shortened it to Graeme, or Graham, and it was by this latter cognomen that he was well-known in the British West India Islands.

"This is unusual weather, Captain Graham," said the professor, on the morning of the fourth day.

"Will it be so bland all the way?" queried Della, "or is this what you call a weather breeder?"

She stood leaning against her husband, her hand in that of her father.

"I fear it is the latter," replied the captain, casting his eye anxiously upward; "we Danes are somewhat superstitious," he added, laughing lightly, "and I saw last night something that I took to be ominous of an approaching storm."

"Pray tell us what it was?" asked Della.

The captain was on the point of replying, when at a slight sign from the professor, who felt the fair arm within his tremble, he desisted.

"Oh, only an appearance in the sky that betokened a strong blow. The wind freshens, Mr. Graham," he added, seeing the first mate coming; "what do you think of the weather?"

"I should judge a storm was brewing," replied the young man, "and if those white caps there tell the truth, it will be on us without much warning."

The captain turned—his countenance changed.

"Yes, yes. I see—we can't be too soon," he muttered; "take in all the light sails—reef down your topsails—we shall have a hard time of it before night."

"How damp the wind is!" said Della; "there's a black cloud—it has surely come within the moment."

"The horizon has been changing for some time," replied the professor; "this breeze will be too much for you; we had better go below."

"Oh, no! please let me stay here and enjoy the storm," pleaded Della.

At that moment one of the sailors passed her to take his place at the wheel. Della must have caught sight of some evil glance, for she shuddered, uttered a low, half-stifled cry, and, clutching her husband's arm, exclaimed—

"I cannot stay—I find the motion of the vessel is getting unpleasant; let us go below *immediately!*"

He, attributing her emphasis to illness, turned with her, and together they entered the cabin.

As the hours passed, the storm increased at a fearful rate, and by night its fury had deepened into a tempest. Della lay upon one of the cabin lounges, well secured, very pale, but quite calm. Her husband was constantly at her side with reassuring words. The vessel leaped like a mad creature, and the roaring of the winds added to the fearful straining of timbers, the shouting of the captain through his trumpet, the wild dash of the waters, the tramp of heavy feet, the hoarse replies of the men, and that rattling sound forever going on, as if tons and tons of heavy chains were being swept from side to side of the deck, made a fearful crashing accompaniment to the choruses of the gale.

All night long the men worked as for their lives, and not until near evening of the second day was there a gradual subsidence of the wind, a less furious onslaught of the waves. The good ship had behaved nobly, the captain said—the worst was over, and by the following day they might look for comparatively fair weather.

It seemed a strange announcement to Della, for she could realize but a slight difference in the motion of the vessel, and the wild, despairing cries of the waves, as they were coming on, made her almost hold her breath.

"Oh, this is easy sailing to what it has been," said the fair little man, smiling as he spoke. "Old Neptune is holding up capitally, giving us a good breathing spell after his rough usage. We shall see in the morning."

It proved as he said. The wind still blew very heavy from the northwest, but the clouds had broken, and the sun gave long, glad glances through their rifts, cheering every heart with its beautiful smile.

Suddenly, as they were securing some of the rigging that had been loosened, the man on the look-out shouted, "sail ho!"

"Where away?" answered the captain.

"About two points on the weather bow, and in distress, I should judge," was the reply.

"Jump aloft, Mr. Graham, and see what you can make her out!" said the captain, addressing the chief mate, who sprang into the main rigging, and was soon on the topsail yard levelling his glass at the stranger.

It was full five minutes before he returned to the deck, and going aft, reported that the stranger was water-logged, with a signal of distress flying, which he observed had been lowered *three times*, and that she appeared to be settling fast.

"Lowered her signal three times," you said," replied the captain, turning pale; "then we must save her."

"It will be at the risk of our lives, sir," returned the mate, "if we do."

"It will be at the risk of my peace of conscience, eternally, if we don't," said the captain, firmly. "Shake the reefs out of the topsails, and set the to'gallant sails and fore staysail, Mr. Graham; we must rescue these poor fellows, and as it will be impossible for a boat to live in a sea like this, the only chance is to run her by the board."

"But, captain, our lives are—"

"Not worth preserving, if we cannot risk them in a good cause," said the captain, quickly. "It must be done, it shall be done!" he added, a look of lofty courage changing completely the aspect of the man. His soft eyes now flashed a resolute fire, his lips grew firm, and his brow god-like. "What say you, Mr. Professor?" he cried, turning as the latter came on deck; "yonder is a wreck to which some of our fellow-beings are hanging, exposed to death at any moment. Shall we try to save them?"

"In God's name, yes!" exclaimed the professor.

"We will!" shouted the captain; "give the orders, Mr. Graham—there's not a moment to lose!"

He was obeyed.

The brig soon felt the increase of canvas, and stood out nobly for the sinking ship, doing battle with the yet furious waves, until they came in near view of the dismantled vessel. It was a heart-rending sight. She was a merchantman—her foremast had gone to the top—her fore-yard, main, mizzen and topgallant masts were gone, and the only sails standing were the mainsail and spanker. A disconsolate group of men could be seen huddled together on the topgallant forecastle, their attitudes expressive of hope, horror and despair, alternately, as the wreck threatened every moment to submerge them.

An addition was made to the man at the wheel in the person of Mr. Halsey, the second mate, and most experienced sailor on board. With many dubious shakes of the head, with many and firm compressions of the lip, but over all an expression of stern resignation, he took the place assigned him.

"Stand by your braces, men! When I give the order jump with a will, my hearties, for everything depends upon the speed that these sticks can spin round," said Mr. Graham, addressing himself to the crew.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the hearty response, while even the swirling, maddened waters leaping and gyrating seemed to add their voices to the reply.

"Ease her off a very little, Mr. Halsey," cried the captain—"there! so! keep her so a few minutes."

They were now drawing frightfully near the sinking ship. The sun shone out luridly, and tinged the sailors' faces a blood-red, while the clouds, now gathering—anon scattering, gave gloom and a horrible grandeur to the scene. In another moment they swung to the windward of her and right across her bows, so near that they could read the agony on the faces of the men, who, kneeling and clinging, with uplifted hands, shouted and sent to Heaven the wildest prayers.

"Starboard, Mr. Halsey! starboard, quick, sir," shouted the captain, his face bloodless, his attitude heroic—"let her loose her way now, Mr. Graham—back your main topsail only for a moment, and stand by to brace up again in a hurry!"

Orders were now given for lines to be ready over the bows of the brig—the men were almost breathless as they saw in what a sea they might shortly be engulfed, for the brig was beginning to feel her deadway—drifting faster, closer, closer yet to the very jaws of destruction, till she was within a few feet of the rapidly sinking ship.

"Stand by to jump lively, lads!" almost shrieked the captain, his very lips bloodless with the excitement of the moment, and addressing the now panting, wildly staring group on the wreck; one moment more—the air was darkened—the strongest there shut their eyes and gasped a prayer—there was a spring—a quiver of the vessel as the wrecked men, nerved to desperate strength leaped to the forward deck, while the noble brig went by, grazing the sinking, quivering mass that seemed almost gigantic.

"Hard a port now, Mr. Halsey—quick's your play! Brace up sharp fore and aft!" shouted the captain, his lips twitching as if in pain, as his straining eyes calculated how many seconds were left them.

The vessel, feeling the sudden effect of the filled canvas, shot by, and had scarcely cleared twice her length when the wreck pitched forward, and with a sound—a terrible sound on the ocean—like distant thunder, disappeared in the awful abyss below.

"Saved!" shouted the captain, almost sinking against the rail, his slight frame shivering—but an expression in his eye that it is glorious to see if only once in a lifetime. The sailors looked proudly toward him. Their faces caught the glorious fire, and with a simultaneous shout, they cried—

"Three cheers for our brave captain!" while the survivors, some with tears of joy, others with cries of gratitude, crowded around the noble fellow.

During a part of this exciting hour, Della had stood near the door of the cabin supported by her husband and father, watching the struggle with most intense eagerness, her hands clasped, a bright crimson spot on either cheek, and her eyes shining through tears. Now, as about after about went up, the glow deepened on her cheek, and she regarded the captain with glances of admiration. The latter essayed to enter the cabin; she stood aside to give him room, and in doing so encountered a glance that curdled her blood.

"Della, my love, I must know the meaning of these frequent shudderings," said the professor, as with a cry she shrank nearer to his side.

"Oh! don't ask me," she murmured, "I have promised."

"It is not possible, dearest, that you still allow your mind to revert to that miserable fellow," he said, with something like indignation in his face.

"Oh! I *must* tell you, my husband—there—there is somebody here—a man—who—who frightens me! If it should be he!"

"My dear wife—this is childish," replied her husband, fearful that her intellect might be giving way. "I will go immediately to the captain—and—"

"Not for the world!" whispered Della. "There—that is he talking with one of the rescued sailors; look cautiously."

The man designated had more than once attracted the attention of the professor. He was a finely-built person, with jet-black hair, beard and mustaches, and a worsted cap which he wore was pulled close down to his eyes. As the professor gazed, the man did seem to take on the appearance of Manuel, in a degree—that is, there was that certain air about him by which we recognize persons, though they are altered by travel and exposure.

"Why, my dear," said the professor, uneasily, "that appears to be one of the best sailors aboard. Manuel knew nothing about sailing a ship. Set your fears at rest, and if he annoys you by too free glances, you can remain in the cabin, which he never enters."

He was by no means satisfied in his own mind, however, but taking an early opportunity he spoke to the captain concerning this personage. From him he learned that the man shipped at Georgetown as an able seaman, that though he seemed acquainted with the ropes, he yet appeared to be above his calling. It is needless to say that Professor Vance now watched the sailor narrowly, and became at last convinced that he himself was an object of deep and malignant interest to the suspected man.

On the following day the captain entered the cabin, pale and intensely excited. He held his broad palmetto hat in one hand, and his eye was fixed on the under part of the wide brim. Calling for the professor, he said to him in a low, excited voice—

"What do you think is the meaning of this, sir? I found this sentence in Portuguese this morning written on my hat."

"Eat no dinner 25th of July."

"That's to-day. It must have been written by Francesco, the steward's boy—he is the only Portuguese on board."

"Good heavens!" cried the professor—"the villain!"

"What mean you, sir?" queried the captain.

"Your pardon—I cannot tell you just at present. Let us dispose of the dinner to-day in some manner—pretend we have eaten it, and fall violently ill. As an extra indulgence let the second mate and the survivors of the wreck be invited to dine—they also to be initiated and to pretend sudden illness. Will you follow this advice, hasty and unusual as it seems? I think I may promise that you will not regret it."

"Certainly," said the captain; "I have every confidence in you. But I confess I am utterly confounded."

"But I am not," muttered the professor, "I am past all astonishment at the deeds of that scoundrel. I will arrange with my servant to bring one of your sailors (whom I have every reason to suspect is the originator of this diabolical scheme, and has bribed the cook, who has not any too much brains,) into the cabin. You must be ready for him. If we can capture him without shedding blood, so much the better."

"But what proof have you?" queried the captain anxiously.

"Strip off his false beard and false hair—there will be proof enough, I fancy. If not, I will show you that I could lodge him in prison on a charge of murder the first day we land."

"Horrible! horrible!" muttered the captain, but he followed the directions of the professor with the utmost precision. All who were let in the secret performed their part to admiration. Fortunately they did not need to apprise Della, who was ill that day, and confined to her stateroom.

The suspected sailor was lured into the cabin. Seeing its inmates apparently in great and helpless agony, he was unprepared for the spring of the captain, who, holding his arms with almost superhuman strength, called upon the professor to strip him of his disguise. Another moment and Manuel stood fully revealed. His eye glared with demoniac hate—his set teeth and white curling lip gave him the aspect of a fury, but he was strangely quiet. The captain, feeling his form relax, was not prepared for the movement that ensued. Suddenly freeing himself with a powerful wrench he sprang from the captain's grasp, thrust his hand in his vest—there was one sharp, white flash, and Professor Vance fell to the floor a dead weight.

"Do what you will with me now—I am revenged!" was the fierce, mad cry, as instantaneously he was held by a dozen hands that would have torn him limb from limb but for the captain.

Amid the uproar arose one wild, unearthly shriek. Mr. St. Lemoine appeared with Della lying like a corpse upon his bosom. He rushed for the deck with his unconscious burden, and his cheek was as white as hers.

"Stop!" cried Captain Graham, as the men consulted together how to dispose of the murderer. "Danish trial! Danish law! Tie him securely—meanwhile see to the wounded man. I fear he is dead, poor gentleman!"

Professor Vance was carried to his stateroom by his own servant, who wept like a child. The wound was in the upper part of the chest, and had probably caused instantaneous congestion of the lungs. It bled but little, and the ball had apparently lodged short of the back.

"He'll never speak again," said the captain, when he had ascertained that there was no pulsation, and the features had changed into the immobility of death. Lay him out decently—I wish we could keep him—but we are eleven days from port, and the weather is unfavorable. My men will not be easy while there's a corpse on board. Tell the sailors to be ready for the service and the trial, this afternoon at five."

Drop we a veil over the awful grief of Della St. Lemoine. Happily, much of the time she was unconscious. Her father was her sole attendant—he would allow no other person to minister to her, not even her own maid.

At four o'clock a table was placed amidships—an order given to heave the maintopsail back, and the men were summoned to the service. The body, dressed in a suit of black, was laid along a plank, and not sewed up as in ordinary cases.

Perfectly placid, the noble face lay upturned to the smiling day. The men were dressed in their best and drawn up in a body. A large Danish Bible lay at the feet of the corpse. Della, weak as an infant, and marble pale, had not left her state-room, and her father kept ceaseless vigil at her side.

The captain, with slow, firm tones, read the burial service, until he came to the words—"we commit this body to the deep"—when he paused, and looking round, said, "Bring the prisoner."

Manuel was dragged toward him—for he sullenly refused to move. His hands were securely bound—his feet partially.

"Place him here," said the captain, indicating the place by a motion of his hand, and turning with a shudder from the cold, steel-like eye.

"Prisoner!" he said, sternly and solemnly, "if not guilty of the deliberate murder of this man—lay your hand upon the Bible before you—and swear thus"—here he repeated the most terrible form of an oath.

Manuel stood unmoved, save that his face grew whiter.

"The prisoner is guilty," said the captain, and lifting a Danish law-book, he read that which made his hardy countrymen turn pale—the sentence of death, which, rendered in English, ran thus:

"The prisoner shall be bound face to face with his victim, and thus, the living and the dead, secured together, shall be launched into the deep. May God, in His infinite goodness, have mercy on his soul!"

One moment of awful suspense—one cry for mercy—the two were thus horribly united—the plank was placed over the side—the cords that bound the hands and feet of the murderer were severed—one dull, dead plash—one hollow shriek—

"Brace your yards round!" was the order.

The men were glad to obey the command, but a gloomy silence reigned. Word was sent to Mr. St. Lemoine that all was over. Della was sunk in the deep sleep of exhaustion, and heard nothing, but Mr. St. Lemoine bent his head, murmuring,

"Poor Vance—God rest his soul!"

CHAPTER XVII.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD—A MYSTERY SOLVED.

A lady attired in the deepest mourning sat in the parlor of a splendid suite of rooms in a large hotel in New York. One would scarcely have recognized in that white cheek, that large, wistful eye—that patient, waiting expression of the whole face, in the meek, dejected attitude, in the listless air and folded hands—the peerless beauty of Della St. Lemoine. When she arose, with how weary a languor she seemed to move! Now looking from the draped window upon the busy, crowded street—now lifting a book or a paper, and placing them impatiently back again—then seating herself, bending her head upon her hand, to think.

"Who could the lovely, stricken West Indian be?" was the wondering query of all New Yorkdom. From her sable dress, her sorrowful face, it was conjectured she must mourn the loss of a husband. But very few knew the griefs of her private history, although she had been in the city for several months. Whenever she went abroad, attended solely by her father, who, during his solicitude about her, had seemingly forgotten his own infirmities—a curious crowd congregated on the steps of the hotel, and there gazed after the retreating carriage.

"He paid like a prince," the host said, "and must be at the very least a millionaire."

For awhile Della sat silent, swaying her body gently to and fro—at last she said, in a grief-broken voice—

"Oh! if I could only forget!"

Most plaintive—though most musical was that sad exclamation.

"His image is always—always in my thought! Oh! my husband! my husband—murdered!"

A low, wailing voice, shaken with agony, was that with which she spoke the dreaded word—and the twine of her fingers grew like chiselled stone.

"I feel as if slowly, surely—I am dying," she cried, lifting herself toward the mirror. "The doctors say I must go back—that I need my native air. I will never go back again—alone—never! Better a grave among strangers. Oh! this restless, burning thought! it is consuming me."

"Madam."

She turned. A servant stood within the door. On the delicate, silver chasing of the tray in his hand lay a small billet edged with black. She received it with eagerness.

"Father," she cried, hurrying into a small side-room where Mr. St. Lemoine was writing—"a note from—from—*his* foster mother. Shall we go?"

"By all means, my darling," replied her father, whose sole joy it was to see one ray of her old interest in face or eye—"go, by all means. She is a pleasant little woman, that Mrs. Vance."

"She—loved him," said Della, with a low voice and reverent folding of the hands.

Not long after, the carriage drove up to a modest yet elegant mansion in the upper part of the city. Della had been there several times before, and as she entered she was met by a mild-looking little personage, also attired in deep black, who folded her mutely to her heart and then led her into her own room.

There was much interchange of tender thought that long autumn afternoon. Sometimes Della would move to a portrait covered with white crape, throw aside the delicate folds, and there, standing, the tears would roll piteously down her pale cheeks. And Mrs. Vance, her lip trembling, would murmur—

"My noble boy!"

Then Della would sit beside her and beg to hear some little incident of his childhood—or go to his room up stairs, which the widow kept sacred. There were his plants, tended with the most loving care—there the mosses he had dried, the birds he had loved and petted tenderly—pictures of his own composition, little models that bespoke his wonderful variety of talent—and there, too, was his library of select volumes—a mine of true gold.

"This was his favorite resort," said the widow. "It seems as if I could see his bright face, as he used to look up and say, 'come in, mother—*you* won't disturb me.'"

A summons came to the widow, and Della was left alone to muse on the sad recollections which alone were left her. Some time had elapsed when she heard a hurried footstep on the stairs, and her father entered. There was a strangeness, even a wildness in his manner, that startled her from her revery almost unpleasantly. He came forward—drew her fondly to his side—appeared on the point of speaking, then passed his arm about her, and began to walk toward the door.

"Father! why do you tremble so?" she asked, a little fear in her voice.

"Tremble, do I, Della? that is strange—but then joy unnerves one."

"Joy, father!" the voice was a touching reproof.

"Della, my dear child!" cried the widow, bursting into the room, both hands raised—then she paused as abruptly—tears on her cheeks, smiles on her lips—gazing in a singularly rapturous way from Mr. St. Lemoine to his daughter.

"What is it?" cried Della—"father, is my brain turning? Oh! tell me; I am faint with fear."

"Darling," said the widow, "what shall I say to you?"

She came forward and embraced Della tenderly in her arms.

"Can you bear a great, great joy! So great that nothing in this world can equal it?"

Della, her eyes dilated, her cheeks blanched, gazed eagerly in the face of Mrs. Vance.

"A great joy!" she said, softly, "a great joy!" She turned to her father, adding—"she thinks *I* shall know joy again?"

"What shall we say to her?" asked Mrs. Vance, tearfully.

"Tell me I shall soon meet him—in Heaven; *that* will comfort me," she said, gently.

"But, my child, suppose—" Mr. St. Lemoine began, but paused, unable to go on.

"Yes, suppose—" faltered Mrs. Vance, "your husband—my—son—"

Della started back—"Suppose," she repeated, breathlessly—"suppose!—what! that he—that—that *my* husband—oh! no—no—no—what folly!" and she lost for a moment the blank, bewildered look that had come over her face—"I saw him—dead—dead! I felt his heart—it had ceased—ceased forever. I put my lips to his—oh! they froze mine so that I have never smiled since. Why has this memory been dragged up fresh before me?" and as she spoke she broke forth into a piteous burst of tears.

"It will do her no harm now?" said Mrs. Vance, questioningly.

"No—tell him to come," was the reply, and Mr. St. Lemoine braced himself up, and stood with folded arms, compressed lips, and heaving chest, as if awaiting the termination of some fatal tragedy.

The door opened, and there entered, white and changed, but real and living, Professor Vance.

"Della, for God's sake be calm," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as with lips apart, arms raised, and eyes frightfully enlarged, she stood, turning slowly toward the spirit, as she deemed it. Not long, however—this fearful tension of all the faculties would have ended in madness, if her name had not been spoken—and with a wild, prolonged, unearthly cry, she rushed into his arms, and lay panting, quivering from head to foot, faint and pallid, upon his bosom.

"My love! my dear love!" was all he could say, as he lavished kisses upon her.

"It *is* a dream," whispered Della, struggling gently to lift herself.

"No, dearest—no dream; God be forever praised!"

"*Am* I awake, father? *is* it real?" she asked, turning her eyes toward him. "If it *is* real—if it is *no* dream—then why do you cry? why don't you be happy?"

"Come, Della, stand up and look at me; make yourself sure," said the professor, fearing more from this unnatural calm, than if she had lost all consciousness. She allowed herself to be placed a little way from him—she ran over every feature of his face with eyes into which a slow delight was coming. She pushed back the thick, dark hair, as with faltering voice she exclaimed, "how could you look so like and yet so unlike?" and shivered again.

"Never mind, Della, darling—see, you set *me* to trembling now;" and he held out his hand. "But, come, tell me—do you think it is in reality me?"

Her only answer, the sweetest a wife can make, was to nestle fondly against his bosom again.

All that day, and the next, Della was in a state of excitement that seriously threatened her health if not her brain. It was several days, nay weeks, before she was able to listen to the wonderful story of his escape. She had never alluded to it; now, as she sat by the side of her husband at their hotel, she quietly requested him to tell her all; "and—and—what became of HIM?" she added, almost in a whisper.

"We were picked up dearest, some time after—of course, I know not how long—by a vessel bound to the West Indies.

"He—Manuel—" here the professor seemed unaccountably agitated; and Della trembled at the name—"being a remarkably agile man, used the only privilege that was accorded to him—that of swimming as he best could. It must have been an awful situation—but you are faint, Della, I must stop."

"Don't mind me if I change color," said Della; "I can't help it; but do tell me all. I can bear it, sitting close beside you—knowing that you are *not* dead."

"A vessel coming down, spying something strange on the water, sent a boat out and took us in. Manuel's struggles had doubtless opened my wound, for I felt the most frightful sensations on coming out of what must have been a death-like swoon, and which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ultimately an entire suspension of life. My wound was bleeding. I heard the exclamations around me as I was taken to the cabin after being unbound. As soon as I could speak, I told them that I had been wounded by a pistol shot. Happily a surgeon was on board, the brother of the captain's wife—young, and eager to try his professional skill. The ball was extracted, and I just escaped with my life. When I recovered sufficiently to venture out on deck—I saw Manuel. He eyed me with curious looks—no longer stealthy or defiant, but shrinkingly, and with a terribly nervous apprehension in his manner. His fine dark hair was nearly changed to gray; and there were marks of anguish on his face which a thousand years could not wear out. I pitied him—the poor victim of his own passions; my pity was mingled with abhorrence, but I said no word to accuse him. At last, before we entered port, he was taken alarmingly ill. Della, I put the broadest construction on our Saviour's injunction—do good to those who despitefully use you—I nursed him."

"Oh! how could you?" cried Della.

"Something impelled me to pity the miserable being, guilt-stained as he was. Oh! Della, I have been thankful"—he broke down for a moment, unable to continue, and hid his face in his hands, but after a moment resumed his narrative.

"When we arrived in Demerara, he was still in a pitiable state, weak as an infant, overwhelmed with remorse, and as I thought, fast sinking into death. I did not give him up there, as he thought I would—nay, as he once advised me to; I immediately looked up a vessel, homeward bound; by great good fortune found one ready to start, and transferred Manuel in the night aboard. The captain knew me, for it was the very one with whom I first sailed to the West Indies.

"Well, my love, Della, I brought him to New York."

"He—is—not—dead—then?" gasped Della, rising in affright; "oh, my husband! I shall never have peace while he lives."

The professor drew her tenderly toward him.

"Hear me to the end, Della, and then judge whether I did right. I wish I could spare you the knowledge of what is coming, but as an honest man, I must not. Listen then—sit down—look up in my face—just that way—thank you, love.

"I brought him to New York; I took him to my botanical rooms, of which I have two, in the lower part of the city, had a bed made for him, and procured a servant to attend him.

"One day when I went in, he pointed to a picture of my mother—my *own* mother, Della, not Mrs. Vance, and begged me to take it down.

"'It haunts me,' he said, 'it seems as if my mother'—and oh! how convulsively he wept and shuddered as he said those two words!—'were accusing me of my crimes from morning till night.'

"'Who was your mother?' I asked.

"'I just remember a face like that,' he replied; 'I suppose my mother was drowned. I was very young, little more than an infant, and was thought to be dead for some time by those who rescued me. My father's corpse drifted to the shore. Letters were found on his body; they were in Danish. I left them in the West Indies.'

"His story was frightfully like my own. I, also, was saved from a wreck; my father and mother, and as I was led to believe, a little brother, not three years old, were lost in a tempest."

His voice broke down, and for a few moments he sat silently contending with his almost overpowering emotion.

At last he spoke again.

"You may judge, my Della, what were my emotions, when on asking for his real name, as left in the Danish letters—I heard—my own."

The professor bowed his head in his hands again. Della, thrilled with a sweet sympathy—with horror, too, from head to foot—could only gaze on him in silence. At last he felt her two hands unlocking his—there were no tears in his eyes, but a strong man's anguish was written in his ashy cheeks.

"Did you tell him?" whispered Della.

"I told him," replied the professor, in a husky tone; "I also found a mark which I had often heard my mother speak of, for I was a large lad then. It was a red line, as if a string had been tied tightly round his left arm. Oh, Della, how I suffered then! I prayed God that he might die—I could not help it, in my agony. Brother, as he was—was he not a—"

"Do not speak it, my husband," said Della, with white lips, "wait till you are better. I am so sorry for you, my poor, suffering husband. Your lot was so widely different, you know."

"Yes, these dear people have been like the kindest of parents," murmured the professor.

After a pause, Della ventured to ask what Manuel said.

"Oh, Della, don't ask me; it is too much;" and starting, the professor paced the floor till he was calmer. "Forgive me, my darling," he said, "but the recollection of what he did and said then, almost overpowers me; I could not go through with the recital. I took the picture away, which I had caused to be painted from a small locket—and—he has been sinking ever since."

"He is living now!" exclaimed Della, awe-struck.

"Yes, but just living. Alas! the knowledge is hard for me—but if I have been the means of causing him an hour's repentance only, before he goes to the bar of God—I am glad—yes, glad. May God have mercy on him."

"How does he look?" asked Della.

"You would not know him. Thin and feeble—his eyes sunken far back—his hair nearly white. He confesses the murder of poor Warren; but the sickness during which M. Bernard died, he declared he knew nothing about—except that it was a virulent fever—but he attempted M. Bernard's life twice.

"The diabolical plan on shipboard he concocted; seeing us entirely in his power, he thought to end our lives, and his mad jealousy. But, oh! it is heart-rending to witness his remorse. I pity him, while I tremble at his deeds—for the most horrible visions seem to surround his bed.

At that moment came a messenger.

Manuel had just died.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAPPINESS AGAIN.

After the strange restoration of the professor, Mr. St. Lemoine turned his attention to the widow Vance, and so successfully, that she consented to become his wife. The bridal tour over, they sought the beautiful home of the tropics, where, after touching at nearly all the islands, they once more took possession of the Everglades.

The new wife was in raptures; everything about the place bore the marks of careful improvement; and though it caused Della to tremble when she recalled old scenes—she no longer feared, either with a natural or superstitious dread. Manuel had confessed that by ingeniously contriving one of the panels, contiguous to Della's chamber, while she was away with her maid, he had gained access there, and personated the ghost—that he had lured Della into the forest through the writing on the strip of bark; and that he had made his escape by the panel, when arrested.

The professor was received in the colonies as one from the dead—and the story was repeated till the Everglades teemed

with visitors like a great hotel. Everybody had heard of the awful tragedy, but when they asked after Manuel—what had been done with him, etc., etc., the answer was, simply—"he died before justice overtook him."

Banquets were given as once before; but now, without that fearful looking forward to evil that had ever accompanied them.

The nephew of his excellency, the governor, had partially recovered his health, and was engaged to a fair young girl in England; and Earl Tracy was still seeking a wealthy bride, though he was sadly broken down.

Among the papers belonging to Manuel, the professor found the two Danish letters. Unfortunately their contents were nearly obliterated, and little could be made out—nothing to his advantage, except the name—which was indeed his own.

The past, after a time, was never alluded to. Della grew bloomingly beautiful again, and the Everglades was never deserted for a permanent home elsewhere.

In an English burying-ground, stands a shaft of pure marble; and cut deep into its polished side are the words—

UNTIMELY DEATH!
LIEUTENANT WARREN—aged 22.

THE END.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LOVE LETTER.

The Duke of Glenlyon quitted the humble residence of Lydia in a very different frame of mind to that with which he had entered it.

He had listened to the story of Fisell with a feeling of lofty scorn, and he believed that he had but to "put his foot down" to crush out completely and forever a romantic boyish impression—a fancy of adolescence, which a little firmness of action would obliterate. He thought it would be the simplest task in the world to frown the girl out of existence, so far as her design upon his son's hand was concerned and then the stupid boy would soon forget her; but after the interview with her he had a most troublous conviction that the task would be infinitely more difficult than he had had the smallest notion of.

He had himself the keenest appreciation of beauty and elegance in woman, and his "quarter of an hour' with Lydia assured him that he had not an instant to lose.

Immediately on his return to his mansion he sent a special messenger to the city for his son, but learned that Mr. Athol was away from London.

Three days elapsed before he answered to the summons, and on the fourth morning he presented himself at Glenlyon House. He was ushered into the duke's private library, and saw at a glance, by the expression on his father's face, that an event of no common importance had occurred.

But he had not the faintest conception of the subject he was about to be called upon to discuss. He only regarded with unqualified amazement the movements of the duke, who, as soon as the servant who ushered him in had retired, proceeded to turn the key in the lock ere he motioned to him to be seated.

Gordon Athol looked on this novel act—for he never remembered him to have done anything of the kind before—with uneasy misgivings, although he could not divine any direction in which it pointed. Still something very momentous had occurred. His mind raced about wildly and vagnely.

What?

He was not long left in doubt. With a mien of cold, hard grandeur the duke took his seat at the library table, and turning upon him a stern and imperious look, he said—

"Gordon Athol, I have sent for you to make a communication to you. I shall not detain you long, for I am anxious to deal with the matter in hand as briefly as I can, and then dismiss it forever. Let me repeat that last word—forever."

Once again Gordon's mind scoured the realms of supposition, but in vain. He could only look his surprise, and await in silence what was to be conveyed to him, and which he was to banish from his memory as soon as he heard it.

"Although you have attained your majority," proceeded the duke, with the same proud coldness, "you are but a boy in years—a mere youth—and may be expected to share some of the weaknesses and follies which are natural to your transition age. But there are weaknesses which, unless promptly and resolutely arrested become madnesses—follies which assume the form of crime, and can never afterward be condoned. You, sir, are on the eve of committing one of these inexcusable follies, and I am about to firmly draw you back from the verge of a criminal indiscretion. Do you comprehend to what I am alluding?"

"I do not, sir," replied his son, with an expression of unfeigned mystification on his face.

The duke looked at him searchingly, and elevated his eyebrows.

"I cannot have been deceived," he thought; and added, "no, that is impossible." Then he said aloud, "There must be no misconception between us on this subject; I will be explicit."

"You cannot be too explicit after your intimation to me sir," rejoined Gordon, rather eagerly, for as yet he was greatly perplexed.

"I have presumed hitherto and believed that I was justified in the assumption that no son of mine would forget the race from which he has sprung, or the high rank which he holds in the social sphere of this nation," he proceeded slowly, sharply emphasizing his words. "I have held with a strong faith, and I do not doubt I may continue to hold to that faith, that no son of mine will forget his descent, the blood that runs in his veins, the name he bears—a name which never hitherto has been sullied—and by any act which will not admit of palliation bring shame and discredit alike on all."

Gordon sprang impatiently to his feet; contracting his brows, he gazed almost fiercely into his father's eyes, and demanded, with a quivering lip—

"Am I to understand, sir, that your observations, by implication, are directed to me?"

His father, with an imperial gesture, responded—

"Resume your seat, Gordon Athol, and preserve the attitude which is due alike to your personal dignity and to mine."

Bowing stiffly, he reseated himself, and the duke, grander and sterner in his manner even than before, proceeded—

"You are, sir, to understand that I address these observations to my sons collectively; to you individually if I find there be need. I trust I shall not. However, sir, be good enough to bear with me until I have finished. I shall not detain you long, and I do not think I shall require a response of any kind from your lips."

Taking a deep inspiration of the breath, the duke continued—

"You are aware of the reasons, political rather than social, which caused me to induct you into the pursuits of trade, and I did not expect that it would be necessary to point out to you that, while pursuing a career differing in its nature from the traditions of our house, you might feel disposed to absolve yourself from those traditions, and follow in one very important respect a course wholly and utterly opposed to those traditions."

"Condescend, sir, to be frank and open with me," interposed Gordon, unable to curb his impatience. "What have I done?"

"You have been guilty of an act of insane folly," returned the duke, with his sternest severity, "of most reprehensible madness; fortunately, I have been made acquainted with it before it has merged into a crime."

Again Gordon sprang to his feet.

"What act?" he cried, impetuously.

"What act!" echoed the duke, angrily, as he rose up too. "I am astounded by your assumption of ignorance. Why, sir, have you not offered your hand in marriage to—a—a—working-woman—a girl of obscure birth—of—"

"Stay, sir!" interrupted Gordon, whose look of bewilderment vanished from his face. "I now know the question to be discussed between us—"

"Settled—not discussed," interrupted the duke, with an imperious gesture of the hand; "settled forever, before you leave this apartment."

"Settled forever, if it so please you, sir," responded Gordon, assuming an air of quiet but firm composure; "but I am desirous of directing your attention to the fact that we are about to speak of an absent lady, whose good name I consider to be in my custody, and therefore I cannot permit even you, sir, to couple it with epithets contemptuously insulting to her."

The duke looked at him aghast.

"So then it is true?" he gasped.

"That I have offered my hand to a young lady who is at present obtaining her livelihood as an embroideress—yes!" returned Gordon, slowly and deliberately. "It is equally true that if she will accept me I will marry her."

The duke sank back in his chair, and for an instant covered his eyes with his hand.

That he had received a tremendous shock was but too plain; but whatever he suffered inwardly he did not permit it outwardly to assert supremacy over him, for, removing his hand quickly, he uprose again. Turning his stone-white face, with a rigid, inflexible expression on it, to his son, he answered, with a strong accent—

"I shall not require to hear you speak again during the remainder of our interview. I have heard your acknowledgment with a pain the severity of which I do not pretend to disguise. I have only to repeat that any such intention on your part is an act of monstrous and reprehensible madness, which cannot, shall not, be allowed to proceed."

"Before, sir, you commit yourself to such a decision, if you would only see the lady?" intervened Gordon, in a tone of anxious appeal.

The duke closed his eyelids down, and made a gesture with his hand.

"I have seen her," he rejoined, with icy hauteur; "I have conversed with her. Her beauty, her grace, her gentlewomanlike bearing, is the only excuse presentable for your madness; but she knows my views, and I desire you to listen to them. I did not place you in trade that you should descend the social scale and act in all senses as a common tradesman. I do not liberate you from your fealty to your ancestry and its traditions. When you bestow your hand in marriage it must be to one who, at least, has no meaner blood in her veins than flows in yours, whose sphere shall be as exalted as your own—a woman, in fact, who in all respects will be fitting to be united with one of the house of Glenlyon. I must remind you that, as my youngest son, you have no patrimony, no income, no means of your own; you are solely dependent upon me. Your position as a partner in the house of Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co. has been accomplished with advances made as a loan—mark me, only a loan to the firm—withdrawable by me at any moment. Now, unless on retiring from my presence you promptly send me a letter, communicating to me your penitence for your detestable and criminal act of indiscretion, I will call in that loan immediately. I will have your name expunged from the firm; I will disinherit you—disown you—never look upon your face again. Leave me, sir!"

Gordon gazed steadfastly and with a resolute expression in his eyes upon his father.

"You must remember, sir, that although my father I am not your slave; that, having attained my majority, I am free to act in the disposal of my hand as I may think fit!" he exclaimed.

"Leave me!" interrupted the duke, elevating his voice, and pointing to the door with an air of offended dignity. "Leave me without another word; obey my commands or accept the alternative, with the conviction that nothing will induce me to change my determination."

"Nor mine!" thought Gordon, as he compressed his lips tightly together.

He did not utter a word, however, but, making a profound bow to the duke, he turned his blanched face, and with a stately step, measured and slow, he moved to the door and unlocked it. Then he turned to his father, gazed steadfastly at him, and exclaimed—

"Farewell, sir!"

The word "forever" was on his lips, but he stifled it. He closed the door behind him sharply, and felt the cold air blowing on his burning, aching forehead without knowing how he had gained the street.

With his brain in a whirl, he made his way to his private chamber, for he felt unequal to the task of engaging in business matters while laboring under such excitement of mind. He wanted to be alone, to think over the situation, and determine upon his course of action—to take the step and abide by its consequences.

He retired to rest late. It was dawn before he closed his eyes; but then he slept, and slept calmly, too, for he had arrived at his decision.

He dressed himself with more than usual care, and set out for Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co.'s place of business.

"My honor and happiness against rank and wealth," he said, proudly, to himself, as he quitted his chambers. "I can better afford to be poor, and a toiler for my daily bread, than I can to be miserable without my queen."

He resolved to pay another visit to Lydia, and arrange a marriage with her without delay, and then to proceed together to the United States, where he knew, from business transactions in which he had been engaged, he could obtain a position which would enable him to maintain himself and her in comfort if not affluence.

In order to prepare her for this plan, he resolved to write a note to her, asking for an interview, and to make sure of its arriving at its destination to forward it by Lollie. On his arrival at the house he proceeded to the work-room to obtain her assent to be the bearer of his communication. He found her at her post, in restless activity, but to his surprise and disquiet, he saw that her eyelids were pink and swollen as if she had been weeping. He took her aside with a feeling of alarm, and instantly interrogated her respecting the cause of her grief. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor dear Lyddy, sir," she murmured, with quivering lips.

"You mean Miss Smith," he suggested, as he felt his heart leap into his mouth.

"Yes, sir, if you please," she replied, with a little bob, meant for a curtsey.

"What has happened?" he asked, hastily.

"Her mother is back to London, if you please, sir. She saw me by accident as I was running to give Lyddy a look-up the night before last. She followed me close on my heels, an I before I could speak she seized Lyddy and carried her off. I had a letter from Lyddy, sir, yesterday. She says in it she was going to leave London, but did not know where she was going to be taken; that in all probability I should never see her any more; so, as the last favor I could do her, she begged me to give you this, if you please, sir."

From the neck of her dress she drew forth a note, which with unsteady fingers she placed in his hand. His eager eyes raced over the superscription, which was written in an elegantly-formed hand, and ran—

"To Gordon Athol, Esq., to the care of Miss Leslie."

A bank-note for ten thousand pounds would not have looked more charming in the eyes of an avaricious miser than did this note to Mr. Athol. He clutched it rather than took it, and without a word to Lollie he retreated swiftly to his private room, fastened the door, and then, with burning impatience, opened the note; opened it, despite his impetuosity, with all the tender care with which he would have outspread the wings of a delicate carrier dove, to obtain possession of its message, fearing to injure one of its most fragile feathers; and when he had unfolded it he feasted his eyes on the writing, for it wore to him an aspect more enchanting than aught else in the world could have presented. He was, however, only too soon absorbed in its contents, which were these—

"I have been re-united to one who claims, and I suppose rightfully, to direct and to control my movements. She has expressed a strange satisfaction at finding that I did not perish in the steamer, but it was apparently not inspired by a mother's love. I have known no other parent, therefore I owe her obedience, and I obey. We are to leave London to-day. She will not tell me whither we are going or how long we shall be absent. All she has deigned to impart to me is that the journey will be compulsory, that in the future my position will be still humbler, my occupation meaner, than they have been. It is useless to repine at the inevitable, or I should be far unhappier than I am, if that can be possible; but I felt that I could not add to the burden of my sadness by quitting London, and parting forever from you, without conveying in a few words to you something of what I feel for the benefits you have conferred upon me, for the gracious sentiments and intention you have expressed, and the nobility of your conduct in reference to me throughout, which I appreciate the more highly at this moment, perhaps, because I am enabled thus to acknowledge that after your eyes have wandered over these lines they will have gazed upon the last token they can ever receive again of my existence.

"You honored me, sir, so highly as to offer me your hand in marriage; deeply as I felt that indisputable proof of (may I say?) the affection which after so brief an acquaintance you declared for me, I was not wrong in my instant conviction of the impassable obstacles which stood as barriers in the path to the accomplishment of such an event; I suggested them, as you will remember, to you, and I have had them repeated to me with tenfold force by lips which gave them a power nothing can weaken or supersede. It is only just to myself and to you that I should be explicit. It seems that Mr. Fisell, from whom I received attentions which were distasteful to me, by accident or design overheard all that transpired between you and me at our last interview. He must immediately afterward have gone to the Duke of Glenlyon and revealed it, possibly with his own coloring. A visit from his grace to me was the result.

"What shall I say more? Perhaps this: the Duke of Glenlyon submitted to me reasons against the union you proposed which I am unable to set aside. They have convinced me, and aided me in forming the irrevocable determination not to be an obstacle to mar the brilliant and noble prospects which are within your grasp—not selfishly to obey the instincts of my heart in opposition to all other, and such important considerations—so, farewell forever! I am grateful—Heaven knows how deeply grateful—for the honor you have done me in asking me to become your wife; I am utterly at a loss for words to express my estimate of that grace; but in simple charity to me believe that I can appreciate nothing in this world so highly. I trespass further on your charity by asking you not to condemn me for writing as it were in secret to you; I know it is in opposition to what the world calls discretion; but I thought that, as we shall never meet again, I might exceed that limit by sending these few lines to you—the last

"I pray you may be happy. You will be. For you there will be the loved and loving—for me memory; I can never forget—never. Why in this supreme moment of my agony and my bliss, should I not be as brave as you have been, and as truthful? You feared not to say that you loved me, and would make me yours by the most sacred tie; I dare to say now I love you, and that in my life to come I will cherish and preserve that love, as I shall the memory of your goodness and tenderness to one so poor, so hapless as myself, as my dearest possession. No other image shall displace yours in my heart, nor shall I cease to pray for your continuous and unclouded happiness.

"ETHELINE."

A few of the last lines were blurred, as if the spray-drops from a fountain had fallen on them while the ink was wet, but they were deciphered by eyes that would have never left them until they had traced out their meaning.

How many times Gordon Athol perused and reperused these lines may be imagined. It is needless to say how deeply they affected him; but at last they were consigned to a repository nearest his heart, after having been covered with kisses.

Then he addressed his mind to shape out his course in the future, and to pursue it without swerving.

On arriving at a definite plan, his first act was to exhaust Lollie's knowledge respecting the reputed mother of Lydia; but she afforded him no serviceable information. For a fortnight he scoured the country in search of the missing pair, but without success. At length he ascertained from a detective he had employed that a woman and her daughter answering their description had sailed in a ship from the London Docks for the Cape of Good Hope.

Then followed an interview with the duke, his father, briefer than before, in which the former was inexorable, the latter inflexible. Gordon proceeded thence to the house of business and settled his affairs there, without betraying his purpose. When they were arranged and completed he had another interview with Lollie.

In the course of it he said, in a confidential undertone—

"I am about to absent myself from London for a time. During that period it may happen that your intimacy with Miss Smith will be renewed; will you say to her that at this last moment of parting with you she was the one thought of my mind?"

Lollie gasped instead of replying.

He gazed around the room with a pensive glance.

"That I remembered she was here crowned your queen."

Poor Lollie's lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"That on that day she became my queen too, and will remain *ever my queen.*"

"One word more," he added, after an expressive silence. "Charles Templeton speaks ardently of you; if he will marry you he is worthy of your truest affection. If he declines to do that, shun him as you would a viper—a pestilence."

At this moment Mr. Fisell entered the room, and approached Mr. Athol in a shuffling, dubious, sidelong way; but he was met at less than half-way, and then Mr. Athol's hand was on his collar with a tight grip.

In a loud voice, which rang through the room like the clanging of a bell, Mr. Athol cried—

"You had the audacity to fasten an unpardonable insult upon a young lady who in this room was honored, respected—was queen. You have played the part of a miserable spy and a dastardly informer. Take your payment."

Mr. Fisell instantly commenced to follow Mr. Athol's strong arm round the work-room, in and out the machines, around and among the affrighted girls, all the time receiving the rapid administration of a malacca cane over his arms, his sides, his back. He screeched, he screamed for mercy; but not until he was utterly exhausted did Mr. Athol release him. Then he flung him in a heap on the ground, and departed from the room.

The next day he was sailing down the Channel in an ocean-going steamship, without having left behind him—to his partners, to his family, to any one in the world save to Lollie—one word of his intention to depart, or a clue by which he could be traced to his destination.

Lollie received from him a note and an enclosure. To her he said—

"*I have faith in your loyalty to your friend, and in the singleness of your devotion to her. I entrust the enclosed to your care. Let no other eye than hers look on it, no other hand than hers receive it.*"

The enclosure was simply addressed, "*To Ethelene.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

RECAPTURED.

Lollie's description of the apparition of the woman born Anne Marchmont was correct in every particular, but, alas! it was deficient in the most important details.

Mrs. Sydney, *alias* May, *alias* Smith, had, in a way wholly unexpected and indeed inconceivable to her, learned that Lydia had not perished in the steamer; that she was saved, and was in safe custody in London.

She had escaped from the cottage in the wooded dell, which she had fired with her own hand, in the hope that its flames would consume the drunken object who sat cowering and snoring at the chimney hearth, and she took refuge in the village adjoining Hastingleigh Court, in the hope of forcing another interview with herself and companions upon the Marquis of St. Leonards.

To her surprise she learned that a gentleman had been making inquiries which she only could answer. At first she was alarmed—the guilty are always suspicious—and thought to take flight to London; but she was a woman who did nothing hastily, and reflection, calculation, and a sharpened memory induced her to change her intention and seek out the gentleman.

There was no difficulty in discovering one who was anxious to be found by her, and though, when she looked upon his face, she perceived that he was an utter stranger to her, he remained no stranger when he asked her if ever she had heard the name of Dysart before.

Like an electric flash a light was thrown upon a storehouse in her memory.

"Cleveland Dysart," she ejaculated, impulsively.

"The same," he returned.

"My lady crossed the Stepping-Stones yonder on one terrible night to meet a gentleman of that name," she returned, fastening her eyes on his features with a piercing scrutiny.

"I am he."

It was not wonderful that mutual explanations and memories were interchanged, or that a woman whose cupidity attained an ascendancy over every other passion in her breast, except revenge, should readily receive a handsome retainer, with the promise of further pay, enter this man's service and become a willing coadjutor in his schemes.

She readily assented to accompany him to his residence in London, for she knew that abetting his plots was furthering her own plans, and she smiled triumphantly to herself when she thought of the amazement Ethelene would experience in seeing her enter her chamber unannounced, even as she chuckled at the thought of still being able to make her the instrument of her insatiable revenge.

But on reaching London it was discovered that the bird had flown, without leaving any trace of the mode of her departure or her destination. The attendant, Tracy, carefully concealed from Miss Dysart the error she had committed in permitting her niece to see her charge, and although she had no doubt that in some way unknown to her Lollie had contrived to effect her escape, she deemed it prudent to appear electrified by the event, and was as innocent as a babe unborn how it had been managed.

But the woman born Anne Marchmont was only too shrewd. She had sagacity enough to reason that, as Ethelene, as she now termed her, had neither money nor friends, save Lollie, she would be in some place known to that young lady, earning her livelihood in the same manner as she had been before the steamboat disaster.

She did not seek an interview with Lollie, for she instinctively knew that if that young lady desired to keep Ethelene's abode secret, nothing she could devise would wring it from her.

So she watched her leave her place of business every night and return to her home. For several evenings she went directly home, invariably overtaken by a young gentleman, who conversed very earnestly with her until she reached her own door; then he shook hands and parted with her.

One night, however, she left her place of business and proceeded on her way unescorted, and did not direct her footsteps to her mother's house, but almost in an opposite direction. Her spy followed her closely until she stopped before a door and pulled at the handle of a bell.

As soon as she was admitted her pursuer went up to the door and rang the bell too. An old woman appeared to the summons.

"Miss Smith?" she said, interrogatively and blandly. Then, as the landlady hesitated, she added, "the young lady Miss Leslie has just come in to visit."

Without waiting for a response of any kind she brushed past her and ascended the stairs with a rapid step, pushed open a door which stood ajar, and beheld the object of her search enfolded in the arms of Lollie.

Affecting a burst of joy which was unnatural if it attempted to simulate any other emotion than triumph, she caught her quarry in her arms, and ejaculated—

"Ethelene, my dear child, I was told you were drowned. I am glad to find that it was a false report."

Ethelene, as she termed her, disengaged herself quickly and shuddered.

"Can this woman be my mother," flashed through her brain, "when I receive her embrace with repugnance instead of joy?"

While this thought was passing through her mind, the glittering eye of Mrs. Smith had fastened itself upon Lollie. In a stern, peremptory tone she said to her, as she pointed to the door—

"Leave us."

"I won't," responded Lollie, snappishly, the blood springing into her face."

"Go away, impertinence, at once. You can see you are not wanted here," subjoined Mrs. Smith, angrily.

"I am wanted here a precious sight more than you are, Mrs. half-a-dozen names!" was the ready answer. "I won't go, that I won't, and you can't make me. And let me tell you if you try, I will bring a certain old gentleman on your back before you can count your fingers. You know who I mean."

Lollie uttered this with tremendous rapidity and remarkable significance. Mrs. Smith instinctively understood whom she meant, and though she inwardly chafed like a tigress, she felt that it would not be discreet, with the object she had in view, to raise an uproar in the house.

"You are an insolent, ignorant minx," she retaliated, with affected contempt, "and beneath my notice."

Then, turning to Lydia, over whom she knew how to exercise her power, she said, authoritatively—

"You must quit this house with me at once. I have a home for you—your proper abode. Your reputation is too dear to me to permit you to remain within it a moment longer than can be avoided."

Positively refusing to hear a word in reply, she summoned the landlady, paid her demands, said she would send on the following day for whatever might belong to her daughter, and dragged rather than led her away before Lollie could recover her breath or return the hurried tearful embrace with which her friend took her leave.

As soon as the latter realized that she had been left alone she ran down stairs into the street, but only to see a four-wheeled cab rolling rapidly away, and no sign of Ethelene or her reputed mother in any direction. She had nothing left for her to do but to take her way homeward; but she mentally determined, not only to find out whither her friend had been taken, but to "furridge" out old Sydney, and introduce him to his bigamous wife.

Ethelene—she had herself decided to adopt that name in future, for it was a name she thought would look better in the eyes of one whose good opinion she was anxious—most anxious—to retain, though she might never see him more, did not attempt to resist the authority of the woman who claimed the right to exert it over her, and, in fact, really felt indifferent respecting her future fate. Her love for Gordon Athol, and the secret hopes his declaration had for a moment raised, might have been no better than a wild dream, but there was enough of reality in it, now she believed it to be hopeless, to make her feel unconcerned about the station she should henceforward occupy.

So she went unresistingly to an abode which had been with a fell intention provided for her, but though she perceived with aversion that the neighborhood was close and wretched, and the room into which she was ushered was squalid and foul-smelling, she said nothing, only felt how weary of life she was.

This feeling intensified as she found herself subjected to harsh treatment, to sarcastic taunts and bitter references to her "fine lady" notions, and to privations of food, which, if they did not actually add to her mental misery, much weakened her physical condition.

Some days she was left alone for many hours, but she made no attempt to fly from the squalor into which she had been thrust, for she had no spark of interest in making an attempt to better herself. Even her self-respect had almost been battered down by the blow she had received.

But she contrived to obtain the means of writing the note to Lollie and its enclosure, and to send it by a ragged little urchin to the post-office by the bribe of a penny.

Then it seemed to her that the light of her life was extinguished, and what happened in the darkness to come could not move her.

It was, perhaps, strange that after Gordon Athol's offer of marriage a memory had faded entirely out of her mind as completely as though it had never had a place in it, and that after she had dispatched that letter to him, which had cost her so much—she alone knew how much—agony to write it should return to her with a suddenness and vividity which started her even violently. Her letter dispatched she was seated in moody apathetic listlessness and silence, when she felt a cold thrill run through her frame, and shuddered with that peculiar emotion of dread which she had only experienced on occasions already described. She raised her eyes instinctively, by some force of attraction which she could not resist, and beheld Cleveland Dysart standing within the open doorway, bending upon her his large, dark, gleaming eyes, filled with lurid light.

Although almost overpowered by a convulsing awe, and feeling that she could scream with horror, she yet felt compelled to rise and stand before him in conscious helplessness.

"Ethelene," he said, in strangely sweet and pensive tones, after a premeditated silence of a minute, "you have mistrusted me, fled from me, would shun me as if I were your enemy. You have a quick intelligence, and attrition with uncultivated minds has not weakened it, I know. You are quite aware that a desire to injure an object does not co-exist with the worship of it in the same breast. Have I not told you that you are my queen—that I will prove to the world you are and will be my queen? Can that be in any way compatible with an intention to harm you? Dismiss at once and forever any such impression from your mind, if for a minute even it has obtained a place there. It is my intention to place you in your proper position, and my first act will be to remove you from this wretched, unsavory abode, which can only be offensively distasteful to you, and place you where you will occupy your proper sphere, and be surrounded by every luxury a queen can command. Come!"

Ethelene clutched at the back of the chair on which she had been seated, and held it tightly, for she felt as if she were in chains held by him, and was being drawn toward him. She did not speak, but he saw how hard she strove to recoil.

"It is in vain," he ejaculated, in low, musical, thrilling tones; "my will-power is superior to yours. Come!"

"In the—the name of Heaven," she gasped, "I entreat, I pray you to leave me. I—I have no desires, no yearnings, no wish to be other than I am. I have no hopes. In mercy leave me here—here. Foul and vile as the place is to me, it will be a paradise to any other dwelling, however luxurious, shared with—"

Her voice died away before she could articulate the word she intended to utter. He, however, supplied it for her

"Me!" he exclaimed, with a melancholy smile. "You think so now. I will shortly prove to your conviction how much you err in that impression. Come!"

With a sensation of hysterical delight such as she had never before experienced on seeing her, she beheld the woman born Anne Marchmont enter the room.

She ran to her, clung to her, shivered as if freezing with cold, as she exclaimed—

"Save me!"

The woman roughly disengaged herself from her grasp, and knitting her brows, exclaimed, harshly—

"Has the fool taken leave of her senses? Save you? What, from a fine home, and the position of a lady! Do you think I am mad too?"

Ethelene clung to her.

"Save me—if you are my mother, save me!" she repeated, in unequivocally terrified accents.

"She is not your mother," exclaimed Cleveland Dysart, emphatically. "I can clear up that mystery to you, and I will—but not here. Come!"

"I have, at least, acted the part of a mother to you all your life," appended Mrs. Smith, with a hard laugh, "and I am acting the part of one now in helping you to make your fortune. Have done with all your childish foolery, and on with your bonnet and jacket. I am going to be with you, idiot! I shall live with you, and act still as a mother to you—if you will let me."

"Come!" ejaculated Cleveland Dysart, in his melodious and yet strangely unearthly voice, fastening at the same moment his irresistibly fascinating gaze upon her.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned.

Her form swayed to and fro as if she were about to fall. Mrs. Smith caught her by the wrist, and affecting a tone of petulant scorn, muttered in her ear—

"Have done with this maudlin affectation—it is only too ridiculous. You are not such a fool as to give up a fine home, magnificent dresses, gayety and luxury, for such a hole as this. Come, no more stuff! Dress yourself at once, or you will find that I can make matters miserably unpleasant for you, and I will!"

She caught up Ethelene's walking apparel, and forced it upon her, after the manner she had done years before when out of temper, and Ethelene was a child.

As soon as she was attired, Cleveland Dysart took her cold fingers in his. She seemed to shrink, as a leaf of a sensitive plant does when in contact with a hot hand, and a faint blue tinge passed over her white skin as he fastened his large, dark, gleaming eyes steadfastly on hers. He smiled almost malignantly as he observed it; but he said, in sweet, soft, low accents—

"Come, my Ethelene!"

Like one in a dream, utterly powerless to resist, she suffered herself to be led unresistingly from the squalid apartment.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SNATCHED FROM DEATH.

There was metal infinitely more attractive in the apparition who fled from the cottage in the wood to the Marquis of St. Leonards, than in the one who had been introduced to him in such a startling fashion by the woman bearing the pseudonym of Smith.

The one who forced him back with a finger-point, a word, a look, was his wife's counterpart, if not her living reality, and although he had once professed to love—and for the time he fancied he did—the poor, deceived Lydia Marchmont, her influence was as nothing now when brought into competition with that of Ethelene, once Marchioness of Hastingleigh, once queen of his heart, as she had been of his princely home—queen of his heart still, though he would have spurned the suggestion with a bitter execration had it been suggested to him.

Out of the cottage into the darkness, into the entanglement of the thickly-planted wood, into alleys and labyrinths, tearing through an undergrowth of brambles and briars, through obscure pools, trampling over ridges unseen till stumbled upon, through copses and dingles, catching now and then glimpses of something like a vapory cloud, he sped, but, as it proved, fruitlessly at last, for breathlessly and legweary he emerged from a cluster of trees into an opening which suddenly displayed to him the magnificent stretch of buildings which formed Hastingleigh Court.

The phantom he had been pursuing and the sight of the pile of towers and pinnacles, mingled strangely with a young, bright, lovely, innocent face, abruptly together in his brain. A cry of agony—that cry which wells to the lips under some great stroke of affliction—burst from his lips.

"If she had only been true," he ejaculated, with an anguish only too real, "how I should have worshipped her! Queen there, queen here queen still—no, no—not that—no, I hate now—though I cannot drive her from my brain. I can curse

her—I can do that, and I will. I will leave it written down with the indelible disgrace which belongs to her—not to me, for I have been wronged, not shamed."

He started, for he heard the sudden discharge of a gun in the wood. It was followed by another in a different spot.

"Poachers," he thought, with a curling lip. "Well, let them fight it out. A desperate and bloody struggle will suit me to-night."

Then arose a shout, which was echoed from a distance, another and another; again a shot, and then shouts. He looked in the direction whence they came, and beheld a ruddy glow, faint above the tree-tops, brighter beneath them.

A thought flashed through his mind.

"The cottage is on fire," he muttered, with a feeling of alarm. "If *she* should have returned to it, and perish in it! Great Heaven forbid!"

He turned his face in the direction of the dull red beams struggling with the dark gray mist, and retraced his steps.

He was not long in gaining the spot, and found two gamekeepers and three or four watchers already there. They were running about the building and shouting, but there was no response from any of the windows.

"Beat in the door!" shouted the marquis, as soon as he arrived; "beat it in!" he cried, excitedly. "I am sure there are people within!"

A sturdy, courageous young fellow, who would have been at home in a forlorn hope, accepted the direction as a command, broke in a window nearest the cottage door with the butt end of his gun, unfastened the latch, and opening the casement, leaped within into the white, curling, wreathing, blinding smoke.

A minute more, and he opened the door, and immediately afterward returned to it, bearing in his arms the senseless form of a man.

"Return, some of you," cried the marquis, in lusty tones; "there are women in the inner rooms or upper floor. A hundred pounds for each one you save!"

But the open door and window gave access to the rising wind. The draught instantly forced the smouldering combustibles into flames, which shot up into the air, and licked up and enfolded everything in their fiery embrace.

They shot out in all directions, beat the hardy men back, and although the marquis—under the influence of what appeared to be an unaccountable if not foolhardy excitement—endeavored to penetrate to the inner chamber, he was forced back by a sheet of fire, and dragged out of its reach into the wood itself by his gamekeepers.

In what appeared to be an incredibly short space of time the thatched roof, all ablaze, fell in with a sudden dull thud, and buried all of human or still life which might have been beneath it, struggling, perhaps, to escape.

A shower of corruscating sparks shot into the air, followed by clouds of dense smoke, and then, save the smouldering ruins, the fire might be said to be at an end.

The marquis pointed to them, and in a gasping, husky voice, like one suffering from a suffocating spasm, he said—

"There are some hapless women beneath them. Their—their—their remains must be searched for at dawn."

"Pardon, my lord," responded one of the gamekeepers; "if your lordship means old Deame Marchmont an' her gals, it beant they. I saw 'em a little while ago making their way along path to village. There war three on 'em, my lord."

The marquis drew a long and quivering breath.

"Thank God!" he involuntarily ejaculated.

Then removing some clammy moisture from his brow, he turned his attention to the man who had been rescued, and who was yet lying motionless on the wet grass.

"Who is he?" interrogated the marquis. "Is he dead?"

"Nos, my lord," replied one of the men, bending over him and shaking him. "He do seem full o' beer; bain't hurt as I see, on'y lushy—that be all the matter 'ith un."

"Let me look at him," observed the marquis, hastily.

One of the gamekeepers held a lantern to the man's face, and the marquis peered intently at his ruby-bound, smiling features, without quite deciphering them, although they did not appear quite unknown to him.

At this moment the man's lips moved, and he murmured thickly—

"In-conv'n'ent mem'ry, have I, Mis'es Sy'ney, once Anne Marsh-mon'—aha! Anne Marsh-mon'! I'll show you wha' my mem'ry's made of. Whoop!"

"My old valet, Lister," thought the marquis, now recognizing him. "At last I have something tangible in my grasp."

He turned to the group, who were gazing at the awakening man with significant smiles at each other, and said, in the short, sharp, stern tones which always commanded instant respect—

"Up with him, and conduct him to the court. I know the fellow, and must have a word or two with him."

The gamekeepers, who were all, as their master had the reputation of being, sporting-men to the backbone, at once concluded that the semi-insensible, drunken object whom they had in their custody was what is known in turf circles as a stable tout, from whom some information valuable to the marquis, and possibly therefore to his underlings, might secretly and with bribery be extracted.

They lifted him carefully to his feet, supported him by the arms, and trotted him over the green sward with assiduous care, feeling that they would sooner have let a poacher or a sheepstealer slip through their fingers than one who could give them a "straight tip."

He was placed in a small sleeping-room in Hastingleigh Court by direction of the marquis, who proposed to put him to a searching cross-examination when awake and sober on the following morning.

To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 35.

Young Women Keeping Farm Accounts.

"My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir; and she is as systematic and particular as ever Bob was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls (and he might have added boys also) good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their respectable old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon because he doesn't loosen his purse-strings whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened."

So said a progressive farmer, a kind, appreciative and proud father, and a big-hearted man on general principles, to us the other day. We think what he said worth recording.

☞ Look down upon genius, and he will rise to a giant; attempt to crush him, and he will soar to a god.

POLISH VENGEANCE.

On the one railroad station from Warsaw, on the way to Kalish, lies the beautiful Castle of Czerma, the present residence of Baron Wutthiff. The castle had once belonged to a Polish aristocrat, but had been sold by order of the Czar in 1862, because the only son of Count Zedlitzky had refused to serve against his Polish countrymen, who were then in rebellion against Russia. This refusal had very sad consequences indeed, for the old Count, being driven from his home, could not stand the severe shock, and soon afterward died. Baron Wutthiff had been in command of the Russian forces at Warsaw during the revolution, and he had made himself an object of special hatred on account of his cruelty against all who bore a Polish name. He had lately been rewarded for his service by being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces in Poland, and the Castle Czerma was placed at his disposal. His headquarters were established at Warsaw, but he repaired to the castle every afternoon, over which his wife and daughter presided.

On the 15th of January last, the baron ordered some poor Poles to be flogged because they did not clear the road which led through the dense forest while he was on his way home. This cruel action embittered the inhabitants of Laros to a fearful extent, and threats were made. Two companies of Cossacks were ordered to Laros, and the entrances to the castle were closely guarded. The excitement had somewhat subsided, when on the 18th of March last, two strangers, attired in the robes of Russian clergymen, approached the main entrance of the castle, and requested shelter for the coming night.

The baron, who was well known as orthodox in his religion, granted the request; and ordered the supposed priests to be well taken care of. To the surprise of the officers on duty next morning, the old servant in front of the baron's door was lying on the floor breathing heavily and apparently unconscious. The alarm was immediately given, and the doors to the baron's chamber were burst open. The baron's throat was cut from ear to ear and his right hand was chopped off. A dagger was run through it, thus fastening it to the near-by table, on which lay a slip of paper containing the inscription: "Polish vengeance."

The baron's young daughter Ida, who slept in an adjoining room, had likewise been brutally murdered. She was stretched out on the floor with an ugly wound in her breast, and it seemed evident that she had endeavored to assist her father. Her mother was bodily unharmed, only suffering from a strong dose of chloroform. The castle was thoroughly searched, and nothing suspicious detected. The two counterfeit clergymen had left early in the morning, and had stated to the sentinel that they were obliged to attend church at Laros by 9 o'clock. It was, however, soon found that they had not taken the route to the village, and cavalry were at once dispatched to scour the vicinity. Five days had meanwhile elapsed, and the arduous labors of the soldiers had not been rewarded. The funeral of Baron Wutthiff and his daughter had taken place at Warsaw.

Finally, on the 29th of March, a telegram was received from Major Heglewith, stating that he had succeeded in capturing the fugitives near the Prussian boundary, disguised as cattle drivers. They arrived at Warsaw on the 21 of April, and made a full confession. The younger of the two was Count Zedlitzky, who stated that Baron Wutthiff had caused his father's exile and death, and that he deemed it his solemn duty to liberate Poland from a monster. He took the deed entirely upon himself, and swore that his comrade was innocent. This statement was, however, not believed, for it had been ascertained that Nicholas Ratzky had bought the chloroform, and that he had been, until the death of the count, his private servant. Both were sentenced to be beheaded on the 19th of April.

An immense number of Poles assembled to witness the last moments of their doomed compatriots, yet most all had to return unsatisfied, for fully three thousand Russian troops were marched up to near the place of execution. Mr. Banitzky, Warsaw's venerable executioner for the past forty years, describes this as the most horrid execution he ever witnessed. It was evident that private instructions had been received from the Russian authorities to keep Count Zedlitzky in agony as long as possible. Ratzky was the first to lay his head on the fatal block, and after he had been horried into eternity the assistants seemed to be in no hurry at all to clear the block or to remove the body. They had purposely forgotten the casket, and nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before Count Zedlitzky was ordered to say his last prayer. During all that time the count never trembled. He kissed the crucifix, the fatal axe dropped, his head fell into the basket, the drums began to beat, and—Russian justice was satisfied.

Drawing-Room Drunkards.

[From the London Medical Record.]

In a recent paper read before the Irish College of Physicians on this subject, Dr. Alfred H. McClintock says it is matter of notoriety that the immoderate use of diffusable stimulants has greatly increased of late years, among classes whose education and social condition should have been sufficient preservatives against this destructive vice. It is well known to physicians that alcoholism is to be met with among the occupants of drawing-rooms as well as the frequenters of tap-rooms. What has so widely spread this pernicious habit among the present generation, it would be difficult to say. Probably more causes than one have contributed to bring it about. I cannot help thinking that the intense strain put on the intellectual faculties in every profession, trade and pursuit, the mental competition of these days, must create or foster an appetite for diffusable stimulants. Nervous exhaustion craves for the alcoholic stimulus; whereas physical or muscular exhaustion will more eagerly demand solid aliment.

Furthermore, to be candid, I must own to a feeling that our own profession is not wholly free from blame in this matter. I know well I am here trenching on delicate ground, but "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas*," and I strongly suspect that the modern treatment of disease by the free use of stimulants, though fulfilling an important therapeutic indication, has occasionally developed a morbid habit or taste, eventuating in moral and physical disease of an incurable kind. I would qualify this, however, by adding that the declaration of inebriates themselves on this point is of no value whatever, as they are notoriously untruthful, and are always too glad to throw the blame of their evil habit on the physician or surgeon.

Nearly all the cases of alcoholism which have fallen under my immediate observation were females of the better class in society. All, with scarcely an exception, concealed the habit they had acquired of drinking to excess, so that it often needed a lengthened investigation and a careful analysis of all the symptoms before any positive conclusion as to the real cause of the patient's condition could be arrived at.

All sought medical advice on account of some derangement belonging to the alcoholism, though apparently not themselves recognizing the source from whence their ailment sprang. I should qualify this by saying that a few were brought by friends who had no suspicion of the patients' habits. The intoxicating liquors taken varied a good deal, viz.: brandy, gin, champagne, port, sherry, whisky, ale, porter, and, in one case, tincture of ginger—of which her daily allowance, for a length of time, was one pint. This unfortunate lady, who moved in a high circle, and was what is ordinarily called a strong-minded person, eventually died of jaundice enlarged liver and ascites.

It is very well known that, where the ordinary spirit cannot be obtained, the victims of this passion will not hesitate to drink eau-de-cologne, lavender-water, sal-volatile, compound spirits of lavender; and, in fact, any spirit they can lay their hands on. Most of us here have known, or heard, of the museum porter at one of our schools of medicine, who used to drink the spirits of wine off the anatomical preparation, when he had not the means of buying a more potable description of alcohol. In justice to his palate, I must add that this was before the methylated spirits came into use.

THE GOOD WIFE.

The good wife! How much of this world's happiness and unhappiness is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is, to a man, wisdom and courage, and strength and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless, when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity, which can counteract indolence, folly and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences.

Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but, to sustain him, he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated, to the utmost point of endurance, by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; where his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth, with fresh vigor, to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But, if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness or gloom; or is assailed by discontent, complaint and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades out, with overflowing cup, its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness, which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental in carrying forward, to completion, the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power, which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of Heaven, that mortals ever get on earth, is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "Modoced" is the popular name for bald heads.

☞ In London recently, a girl, in order to save her lover, who was the real culprit, went into court and swore that she stole a certain diamond ring.

☞ A Kentucky paper tells of a tree a foot and a half in diameter, which fell across the back of a mule and was broken in two.

☞ There are five Indian students at Lincoln University, Chester county.

☞ A singular epidemic broke out in a Kansas town last week. Every wife in the town was suddenly attacked by an irresistible desire to present her husband with a nice little dressing-case, with shaving materials complete. An attractive young woman had opened a barber shop in the village.

☞ "Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

☞ It is curious to note how like natures act alike under similar circumstances. A wretched, over-worked and thoroughly discouraged mule in Baltimore deliberately walked off a wharf the other day and drowned himself. It is seldom that a mule has so much of the human in his composition as to do so foolish a thing.

☞ "James Jenkins," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "what is an average?" "A thing sir," answered the scholar promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon." "Why do you say *that*, you silly boy?" replied the pedagogue. "Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

☞ The owner of a street candy-stand in Philadelphia claims to have once been a baron and colonel in the Russian army.

☞ An elderly lady, residing in Buffalo, recently had the remains of her husband, who died twenty-five years ago, disinterred, and caused the pieces of the coffin to be collected and had the bones thoroughly washed. They were then placed in a new coffin and re-buried in a new cemetery.

☞ A poor helpless cripple with a hand-organ displayed so much activity in smashing in the windows of a confectionary store in Troy, from the vicinity of which he had been requested to emigrate, that a surprised policeman tried to arrest him; but the wreck of humanity was too many for him, and an additional "pooler" was necessary to effect his capture.

☞ It has been suggested to the purchaser of the Mammoth Cave there need be no fear of running the business into the ground, as the more this is done the more prosperous it will be.

☞ A widow in Maine has lately worked out her tax on the highway, and the surveyor said she did her work better than any man in the town.

☞ An exchange says: "When you see a bare-headed man following a cow through the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabbage-plants have been set out."

☞ Says the Savannah (Ga.) News: "A colored youth in Thomasville was hired by a charitable man to carry a shoulder of pork to any poor family he could find. He went to every house in town, but all denied that they were poor. In some instances he was even pursued to the front gates by excited females, who expressed a desire to curl his hair with the small end of a broom."

☞ An English detective, who was detailed to accompany the Prince of Wales and his brother to the Vienna Exhibition, to protect the royal pockets from Austrian thieves, was arrested by the Vienna police for pressing too close upon the princely pair, and, in spite of his explanations, marched off to jail.

☞ Lancelotte is the name of the newest prodigy on the piano. It is a little Italian boy who plays the piano like a master, not only known compositions, but improvisations on any motive given him. He is only six years old, and has so revolutionized his own country that he has already been demanded in Paris, where he arrived lately, but without having as yet had an opportunity of playing in public.

☞ A London missionary brought home a Hottentot at considerable personal expense, and the fellow went and hired out to a circus the first week after his arrival.

☞ Probably the most wonderful success in photography ever achieved has just been accomplished by a San Francisco artist, who succeeded in obtaining a picture of a race-horse going at full speed around the course.

☞ Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice, and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

☞ A young man in Maine killed himself because he couldn't have two wives. Some men kill themselves because they have one.

☞ A Fort Wayne girl engaged herself to a young man "for fun," but she fainted when she found that he had procured the publication of the engagement in a newspaper.

☞ The Empress of Japan has set the fashion of wearing uncolored teeth and eyebrows. It is generally regarded as a shocking innovation.

☞ The almost universal prevalence of matrimonial engagements in the senior class at the Utica Academy, makes many prudent parents somewhat doubtful about the advantages of the co-education of the sexes.

☞ Two Texas dealers laid a wager on which would make the nearest guess at the weight of a mule, and as one of them was viewing the mass from behind, the law of gravitation suddenly seemed to lose its hold on that portion of it and up it went skyward, taking the examiner along with it a piece. On his return to earth he gave it as his judgment that "if the critter was as light in front ez he wuz behind, they wornt no heft in him to speak ov," and declined the wager.

☞ A little more than a week ago some demented newspaper correspondent in Danville, N. H., divulged the fact that no insurance agent had ever visited that peaceful town, and now no citizen can take a walk without heading a procession of them.

☞ The most perfect carpentery to be seen in the Vienna Exhibition is in the Japanese department.

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Y. B.—"Have you ever tried?"

Miss B.—"No, I have not."

Y. B.—"Then how do you know you can't?"

[Awkward pause.]

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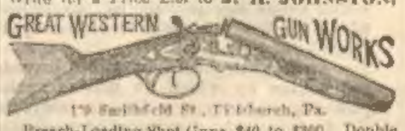

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—Nothing gives us more respect for a man than to see him use temperate language in discussing persons whom he does not like. This is the reason why we have a profound regard for the editor of the Lexington (Mo.) *Caucasian*. He is a man who restrains himself when he feels mad. He was bitterly opposed to the recent editorial convention in St. Louis, and he said so; but instead of denouncing it with violent language, instead of hurling foul epithets at it, instead of abusing the members and blackguarding them, and calling them vile names, and indulging in indecency and vulgarity, he chose a better and more Christian course, and merely referred kindly but decidedly to the convention as "an aimless and fruitless catawampus of nincompoopic gabaquirts and rapscallions." And then, we suppose, he had his head shaved and went to bed. When such amiable gentlemen as this control the press and help to form public opinion, it would be ridiculous not to expect the rapid growth of the American people in Christian civilization.

—When we were younger we used to contribute sentimental poetry to a paper in the interior of this state, and any one who read it must have entertained a conviction that the soul of the poet was harrowed by the most awful storm of conflicting passions; that he was a miserable, unhappy victim of remorse, despair, blighted affection and agonizing regret, to whom death would have been a happy relief. And yet, immediately after writing a poem of the most heart-rending description, full of melancholy and tears, we have been known to eat half a pound of sirloin steak, six fried onions and half a mince pie. The last poem we ever wrote for that paper was entitled "Musing at Sunset," and the first verse began in this manner:

As I sat beside the window and gazed into the west,
The daylight fell and vanished, and all nature sank to rest.

This was at the time that the soul of the poet was suffused by a tenderness for Miss Magruder. We knew Miss Magruder would see the poem and we had worded it in such a manner that we were certain it would excite emotion in the heart of the fair Magruder. But it failed to do so, probably for the reason that when the paper came out, the two lines had been transposed by some unscrupulous fiend of a compositor so that they read thus:

As I sat beside the widow and grabbed her by the waist,
The delight I felt was vanished as the creature drank my vest.

Then we went solemnly around and killed the compositor, and discontinued our contributions to that paper. As for Miss Magruder, she merely laughed; and all the other Magruders laughed, and we then turned our attention permanently to prose. Poetry is not safe while type-setting is performed by human beings instead of machinery.

—A recent letter from Europe to one of the papers contains some personal items about the Shah of Persia, among which is the following: "Beneath the ample folds of the silk trowsers the Shah wears fine linen drawers." We have been waiting for this intelligence. Ever since we heard that the Shah had left home, we have been violently excited upon the subject of his under-clothes. Nobody knows how sorry we would have been if we had ascertained that he wore coarse linen drawers, or twilled muslin, or alpaca, or leather; and nobody can imagine the pangs we would have endured at the discovery that the Shah wore sheet-iron drawers, or sections of stove pipe, or pieces of pump-log, or even terra cotta drains on his august legs. But our suspense is now at an end. He wears linen, and we are happy. If we can only ascertain now whether he parts his hair behind, whether his corns often hurt him, whether he wipes his nose on his umbrella, and whether he turns out his toes when he dances plain quadrilles, life would no longer be anything but pure bliss. We must have this information, if we are compelled to swim the Atlantic Ocean to get it.

—The Scandinavian citizens of Wisconsin are going to build a ten thousand dollar monument at Madison to a man named Leif Erickson, whom they say discovered America in the year 1000, just 492 years before Columbus did. This is pretty hard upon our old friend Columbus, and for our part we believe Erickson is a fraud. We have looked back through the files of *The Saturday Evening Post* for the year 1000, and the name of Erickson does not appear among the arrivals at the hotels, and no mention is made of the fact of his discovering the country. It is hardly likely that such an event would have occurred at that time without our knowing it or without Erickson being engaged to write a story for this paper. Columbus, on the contrary, came up to this office and subscribed for one year as soon as he landed, and before he changed his clothes; and he bought up six back numbers containing the early chapters of a continued story entitled "Henrietta Stotesbury; or the Buccaneer's Bloody Doom," which we were running at the time. He told us afterward that he lent those papers to the King of Spain who used to sit up at night and read that work of fiction and snort over the exciting passages and laugh at the witticisms, and cry over Henrietta Stotesbury's sufferings so that he doubled the number of handkerchiefs in the wash for two successive weeks. And yet they want to build a monument to Erickson! The next thing we know, they will be trying to make us believe that Martin Van Buren or Potiphar or John Bunyan discovered America.

—An article in an exchange asks "What should be a parent's aim?" The answer to this, it appears to us, depends somewhat upon what the parent wishes to do. If he wants to kill his boy with a gun he should aim at his head or his bosom. If he desires merely to shatter the child's leg, manifestly the proper course to pursue is to aim at the leg. It is likely, however, that most parents will prefer to operate with a slipper or a trunk strap, in which event the portion of the trowser which touches the chair is obviously the point to aim at.

—An English medical man has invented a machine by which he throws such a powerful light upon a human body, that the flesh and blood are made transparent, and in this manner any derangement of the internal organs may readily be detected. We welcome this invention with a feeling of intense delight. We have long desired to see an energetic stomach-ache in active operation, and now the wish can be gratified. A thing of this kind will be very convenient in many respects. After a hearty supper, a man will be able to look in and see whether it is the lobster salad or the clams that disagree with him; when he has a pain in his leg he can examine it and ascertain whether one of his ribs has slipped down into his calf; he can hunt around in his brain for ideas, without the trouble of thinking about them; he can examine his rheumatism at leisure and see how it works; and he can tell with accuracy when his liver gets out of repair and he needs a new one. We shall buy one of these machines and illuminate our friends. It will kill the medical profession. When a man can detect a hooping-cough the very minute it is organizing inside for work, and can go for it at once, doctors and undertakers will have to quit the business.

—In a recent letter from China, we find the following statement:—"When the emperor of this kingdom goes out hunting he always takes twenty-four umbrellas with him." We suppose the object is to shade his eyes when he takes a shot. But it appears to us that a man who has to carry twenty-four umbrellas, must be embarrassed when he handles his gun, and when he sees a squirrel, if he does not fire until all his umbrellas are raised and ready for action, there is an imminent probability that the squirrel would be on the other side of the tree. But Chinese squirrels may be different. There may be something seductive and fascinating for them about an umbrella, and if they are as sensible as a squirrel ought to be, they may feel an irresistible desire, when they see a man spreading twenty-four umbrellas, to come down and see what kind of a lunatic he is. But we cannot wish to have the custom introduced to this country. When we (the writer) go gunning we are dangerous enough to our companions as it is, and most of them fly and hide behind trees and crawl into holes in the ground as soon as we begin to take aim. One man, our friend Jones, never goes with us without getting out an extra hazardous life insurance policy, and wearing plates of boiler iron next to his skin. Now load us up with twenty-four umbrellas and it is absolutely certain that we would kill every man within two hundred yards of us, before and behind, each time we shot, besides, very likely poking out six or seven eyes with the umbrella ferules. There ought to be a law against such foolishness.

—We have discovered a remedy at last for a certain kind of human suffering. A California paper tells of a corpse that was dug up out there the other day, after being buried six months, the hair of which had grown eighteen inches since the entombment of the body. This certainly seems to afford a chance for relief to our bald-headed friends. Let a person so afflicted go to California, get up a comfortable funeral for himself and secure a snug hole in the cemetery in which the undertaker can cover him up. It will be close and confining perhaps for six months or so, but all the patient need do is to hold his breath, and he can lie there quietly and calmly away from the anxieties and cares of life, and come out with a head of hair which any infuriated mother-in-law would be glad to pull. The opportunity seems a good one for youths who are striving to cultivate whiskers. We know some of this kind who would confer a favor upon society by remaining under ground half a year, and even if they stayed longer the human race would not be inconsolable.

—Brown and Jones were down at Cape May last summer staying at the same hotel and occupying communicating rooms. One day Brown fixed a string to the covers on Jones's bed and ran the cord through the door into his own room. His purpose was to jerk the covers off as soon as Jones got comfortably fixed for the night. But that afternoon Brigadier-General Muffin came down, and as the hotel was crowded, the landlord put Jones in the room with Brown, and gave Jones's apartment to the general. Brown forgot about the string, and he and Jones went to bed. About midnight Jones's dog while prowling around the room got the string tangled about his leg, and in struggling to reach the window he slowly dragged the bedclothes off of the brigadier next door. That gentleman awoke, and after howling at his wife for removing the blankets, went to sleep again. Presently Jones's dog saw a rat and darted for it. Off came the covers again. Then the man of war was mad. He roused his wife and scolded her vigorously. She protested her innocence, and while she was speaking, Jones's dog heard another dog outside, and hurried to the window to bark. The covers were again removed. Then the brigadier fumbled about until he found the cord. Then he loaded up his revolvers, drew his sword, and dared Jones and Brown to open their door and come out into the entry. They peeped at him over the transom, observed his warlike preparations, glanced at the string and the dog, packed their carpet-bags, slid down the water-spout outside, and went home in the five o'clock train. The manner in which that battle-scarred veteran soared around the hotel during the day was said to have been frightful; and when rumors came that Brown and Jones had gone to another place in the neighborhood, he spent the day trying to hire a howitzer with which to annihilate them. He is calmer now, but Brown and Jones will not visit Cape May this season until the general leaves.

Envy.

Envy is a displeasure for some supposed advantage in another. The object of this passion is something more desirable; and although excellency, precisely considered, cannot occasion dislike, yet excellency misplaced may. The envious man believes himself eclipsed by the lustre of his neighbor; that which is good in itself becomes an evil to him, and makes him wish it either removed or extinguished. Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies; and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers, it is commonly in the dark, by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always working to its own disquiet.

☞ How many men marry, and before the honeymoon is passed, begin to treat their partners with cold neglect—how many marry and will not give up their intemperate habits, and thus their forsaken wives are left to pine in anguish at home—and how many marry who soon treat them as slaves, and care not how they insult them should they dare to utter a complaint.

☞ The science of geometry had its rise among the Egyptians, who were, in a manner, compelled to invent it to remedy the confusion which generally happened in their lands from the inundation of the river Nile, which carried away all boundaries, and effaced all the limits of their possessions. Thus this invention, which at first consisted only in measuring land, that every person might have what belonged to him, was called geometry, or the art of measuring land.

OVER POLITE.

POLITE CAKEMAN (seeing smoke issuing from Brown's coat-pocket). "You'll excuse me addressin' o' you, sir—common man in a manner o' speakin'—gen'leman like you, sir—beggin' pardon for takin' the liberty, which I should never a' thought o' doin' under ordinary succumstances, sir, on'y you didn't seem to be aware on it, but it struck me as I see you a goin' along, as you were A-FIRE, sir!"

[By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fusees had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

The cabin looked old and gloomy enough certainly to attract ghostly visitants. The shingles of the roof were loose, and they rattled noisily whenever a gust of wind passed over them. The logs were moss-grown and decayed; the doors were broken down, and the windows were without glass or shutters. Wild grape and ivy-vines covered one side of the building, and a majestic hemlock stood in front, waving its dark-green branches mournfully over the picturesque ruin.

A party of villagers were returning homeward from a pleasure excursion to the woods, and they had paused while a short distance away from the cabin (no one cared to venture very close) and seated themselves on the soft grass which carpeted the ground.

"That is the haunted house, is it?" said the oldest and gravest of the young men.

"Yes, Verner, the place is haunted," said Charlie Houston.

Basil Verner smiled, and muttered an incredulous "Pshaw!"

"It's true, I tell you," persisted young Houston. "I have never seen the ghost myself, but others have, and they say it can be seen every night between ten and twelve o'clock. I have never passed along here at that time, and I never intend to, if I can possibly avoid it. I wouldn't meet the thing alone for a fortune."

Verner laughed outright at the speaker's serious countenance.

"Charlie, I am astonished at you," he said. "Surely, after fighting grisly bears in the Rocky Mountains and red Indians on the Plains, you need not be afraid of an imaginary ghost."

"How do you know that it is only imaginary? Several persons say they have seen the ghost, while you have no proof whatever that it does not exist."

"Ghosts and haunted houses, when closely investigated, always prove to be frauds. And reason and common sense tell me that such things as ghosts cannot exist," answered Verner.

"Do you know what Shakspeare says, Mr. Verner?" said Kate Ashmore.

"'There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'

"Think what authorities are against you, and be humble."

"Shakspeare may be right, Miss Ashmore," replied Basil Verner. "And such things as spirits may walk in our midst. I do not positively know to the contrary. If yonder old house is haunted, I would like to know it; therefore I suggest that we make up a party and come here to-night to watch for the apparition. If it appears, I will never again scoff at ghost stories. If it does not, I shall consider this particular spectre a myth."

The proposition called forth various exclamations from the young ladies and gentlemen.

"Oh, it will be *so* romantic!" lisped pretty, doll-faced Nina Ellis.

"Quite an adventure, by Jove!" assented her cavalier, Tom Ewing.

"I would like to go, but I'm afraid," said Sallie Osgood.

"So am I; but if the rest go, you can count me as one of the party. As soon as I see the ghost, however, I will run; you may depend on that, ladies," laughed gay, handsome Charlie Houston.

"A brave knight you are, Mr. Houston," said Kate Ashmore.

"Not at all, Miss Kate; I don't pretend to be. And I think that even you will be a little scared when you come face to face with this visitor from another world."

"I don't intend to face it, as I shall not join your exploring party."

"Not go?" exclaimed Nina Ellis. "Why, you must go, Kate; it will be so romantic."

"I am not fond of romance," replied Miss Ashmore.

"Then what shall I do?" said Basil Verner, mournfully. "All the other gentlemen will have ladies in their care, while I shall be forced to go in solitary misery."

"Which will serve you right, sir, for proposing such an excursion."

"So be it. I will endure the punishment, for the sake of proving your wonderful ghost to be a humbug."

"And if it proves a reality, what then, Mr. Verner?"

"Then, Miss Ashmore, I will acknowledge that I was wrong, and that you were right. But come, ladies and gentlemen, the day is waning; let us seek our homes, and prepare to unveil this awful mystery."

"I wouldn't have thought of madcap Kate Ashmore being afraid to go on such an adventure," said Sallie Osgood.

"I am not afraid," answered Kate.

"Then why won't you go?"

"Because I do not wish to. Isn't that reason enough? If it isn't, you will have to invent a better, for it is all the one I know," laughed the girl as she took Mr. Verner's arm and walked on in advance of the others.

The road leading to the village wound through a large tract of woodland. It was late in September, but the air was deliciously soft and warm, the skies were blue as those of June, and the sunlight golden as during the brightest days of the beautiful, vanished summer. The maple and walnut trees were clad in gorgeous robes of crimson and of gold, while the sturdy oaks still retained their emerald garments.

Verner and his lovely companion walked rapidly, talking in low tones of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Glancing back, Miss Ashmore perceived that they had left their companions far behind.

"Let us rest a moment, Mr. Verner," said Kate. "We must be walking very fast, or our friends have stopped by the way."

"Both, perhaps," answered Verner. "Here is a seat on which a queen might be tempted to repose—let us rest until the others overtake us."

They sat down side by side on the mossy tree-trunk, as handsome a pair as one would wish to see.

Kate Ashmore—"madcap Kate" she was sometimes called, on account of her gayety and love of mischievous pranks—was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and the belle of the village. I wish I could describe her as she sat beneath the walnut trees, the yellow leaves falling over her gold-brown hair,

"Her face it was the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—"

with laughing violet eyes, cheeks delicately tinted as a sea-shell, and lips that resembled the heart of a rosebud in their deep scarlet bloom. With such a face, and a form that was perfection itself, no wonder that she caught the hearts of half the young men in the village. The only admirer whom she specially favored was Basil Verner—a handsome, dignified man of thirty, who, after spending ten years of his life in travel, had returned to his native village, as the gossips said, "to marry and settle down."

"Tom Ewing and Nina Ellis are coming," said Miss Ashmore, breaking the embarrassing silence which had fallen between her escort and herself. "We may as well go on, Mr. Verner."

"Stay a moment," said Verner, catching her hands, "I have something important to say to you, and I may as well say it now. Miss Ashmore—Kate—I love you, and I want you for my wife. I am not very young, but I know my mind the better for that, and I think I will make you a good husband. What do you say, my dear, shall we make a match of it as people expect us to?"

"It seems to me that you are a very matter-of-fact lover," said Kate, slightly piqued.

"So much so, that I want you to name an early day for the wedding."

"The wedding! I have not promised to marry you, sir."

"But you will, Kate; you won't refuse me, I know."

"Indeed, sir, I will not marry you at all. I forbid you to speak another word to me on the subject. I am not to be won so easily."

Miss Ashmore arose with flashing eyes and scornfully curling lips. She was trying her best to appear angry. Verner, who knew but little of woman's moods, supposed he had mortally offended the girl he loved. He arose also, folded his arms, and saying, "I will obey you, Miss Ashmore," walked in gloomy silence by her side all the way to the village.

The shades of night were falling as Basil Verner, followed by Charlie Houston and Sallie Osgood, Tom Ewing and Nina Ellis and Fred King and a Miss Lawton, approached the haunted cabin. The evening was warm, the sky cloudless; the full moon peeped over the distant hills, shedding a weird, silvery light over the landscape. Not a sound broke the solemn stillness. The songsters of summer were gone; the owls, the sole inhabitants of the dreary forest, had not commenced their doleful nightly hootings.

Reaching the house, Verner entered, and proceeded to light a candle which he had brought for that purpose. Collecting some pieces of wood, bits of broken board, and the like, he succeeded in kindling a fire on the rude hearth. The blaze cast a cheerful light through the room, and the young man looked around anxiously.

The cabin, which was built of hewn logs, was two stories high. In one corner a rude, rickety-looking stairway led to the upper room. The lower room was entirely destitute of furniture, with the exception of some heavy oaken boards; with these Verner constructed some rough seats for the accommodation of the party. This done, he went to the door, outside of which his friends stood laughing and shivering by turns.

"Come in, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have arranged everything as well as possible—come in, and make yourselves at home."

Shuddering with terror, the ladies entered the house and approached the fire, and the young men, scarcely less timid, followed their example. Soon all were seated before the crackling blaze, which, by its cheerful light and warmth, served to dispel, to some extent, their dread of supernatural visitors.

"Suppose this 'spook' should suddenly pounce in upon us now, what would you do, ladies?" asked Charlie Houston.

"Oh, how romantic!" said Nina Ellis. "But—I'm afraid I should run, any way."

"Has this ghost a history, as a respectable ghost should have?" asked Basil Verner. "You know I am almost a stranger in the village, and therefore not acquainted with its traditions."

"There was a sad tragedy enacted in this house some years ago," answered Charlie Houston. "The old fellow who lived here (I've forgotten his name, and it doesn't matter now) had an only daughter—a pretty, delicate creature, I've heard say. The old man was in the habit of getting wretchedly drunk whenever he could get the liquor, and while in his tantrums he abused the girl terribly. At last, in one of his furious spells, he cut his daughter's throat with a knife, and then put an end to his own miserable existence with the same instrument—which last act was a blessing to the community. When the neighbors went to the house, thinking something must be wrong, they found the young woman and her father lying on the floor, stone dead, with their throats cut from ear to ear. Ever since the house has been untenanted. They say that the spirit of the murdered girl comes back to haunt the accursed place—and I believe it. I believe that such things have been, and that we may see—hush! What was that?"

A strange, wild, mournful scream rang through the air—seeming to come from the top of the house. Pale and trembling, the ladies clung to their frightened cavaliers.

"Ah, Heaven! it is the ghost!" said Sallie Osgood, nearly crying. "What shall we do, girls? Oh, why did we come to this awful place?"

Verner arose and walked to the door. While he stood there, the melancholy sound was repeated. Looking upward, he saw an owl sitting on the edge of the roof. Motioning at it with his hat, the bird took flight; and the young man returned, smiling, to his fear-stricken companions.

"There is no cause for alarm," he said. "The doleful scream which we heard proceeded from the throat of an owl—a harmless bird, with which you are all well acquainted. I presume that it is the ghost which has been haunting this much-abused cabin so long."

When convinced that they had been scared by a very common bird, the young ladies grew calm, and tried to laugh over the occurrence. But their nerves were unstrung; they started and turned pale at the slightest sound. To add to the general cheerfulness, Charlie Houston, who delighted in such subjects, commenced relating all the weird ghost-stories that he could think of. Under such circumstances, the dismal tales he told would have chilled the warmest blood. Tom Ewing and the young ladies actually quaked with fright; even Basil Verner felt a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, let's go home!" chattered Nina Ellis, clinging desperately to Tom Ewing's arm. "Let us get out of this dreadful place before that awful ghost appears—"

"Yes, we will go at once; I would not stay another hour for the world," said Sallie Osgood.

Verner consulted his watch.

"It's only nine o'clock, ladies; the ghost never appears before ten, according to report," he said. "We must wait an hour or two yet, or our visit will be in vain."

"I don't care, I will not stay another minute," said Miss Osgood, gathering up her cloak.

At that instant a gust of wind blew through the house, extinguishing the candle. The fire on the hearth had burned down; the pale, silvery moonbeams fell through the open windows. Immediately a footfall was heard on the floor overhead, followed by a long, melancholy sigh; then the horrified villagers saw a tall white figure descending the stairway.

"My God! the ghost, the ghost!" yelled Tom Ewing, giving a leap for the door, and landing on his head on the grass outside. Ere he could rise, the girls, followed by Fred King and Charlie Houston, rushed over his prostrate body, trampling the poor fellow nearly to death. Staggering to his feet, he ran with all his might after his more fortunate companions, expecting every moment to feel the clammy fingers of the ghost clutching him back.

Basil Verner stood motionless in the centre of the room. Brave as he was, he was a good deal frightened, but still determined to find out the real character of the phantom shape before him. When the figure glided toward the door, he reached forth his hand and caught its trailing garment. The long white robe fell at his feet; the moon shone brightly in at the door, and revealed the face and form of—Kate Ashmore.

Verner threw his arms around the girl, and kissed her glowing cheek.

"Ah, my beautiful ghost, I have caught you," he said. "So this is the reason you would not go with us, is it? You have frightened our friends nearly to death—now I am going to punish you for your wickedness. Say, 'I love Basil,' and then kiss me, or I will expose you before all the town."

"Let me go!" said Kate, struggling to free herself.

"Never, until you do as I say. I love you so well, Kate, that I am bound to win you, by fair means or by foul. And I know you love me, although you are too proud to own it."

"Well, Basil, I do love you—" hiding her face on his shoulder.

"My darling! now for the kiss."

"There! now let me go."

"God bless you, Kate! I am going home with you, of course. If we don't find any dead bodies on the road, I will never breathe this adventure to a living soul. But if Tom Ewing or Charlie Houston or one of the girls is scared to death, of course the whole story will have to come out. We will hope for the best, however."

No dead bodies were found. Charlie Houston gave a glowing account of their wonderful adventure, and the villagers grew intensely excited over the horror in their midst. Some of the more daring among them banded themselves together to watch for the ghost; but it never more appeared.

Six months later, Basil Verner and Kate Ashmore were married. Verner purchased the farm on which the haunted cabin stood, and erected a beautiful cottage on the spot. And now the place is indeed haunted by the music of merry voices, and the patter of children's feet.

☞ Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous; profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

E. P. W., (Charles City, Iowa,) asks: "1st. Which do you think best for a young man to do, who is of age and has got five hundred dollars—to invest it in land or to put it in the bank and let it lie there for ten or fifteen years, and earn his living by working out, as I get big wages? 2d. Would you advise me to marry or not? as I love a girl most dearly, and I think that she loves me. 3d. Can you tell me where I can get a false beard, and what would be the cost of one? 4th. Do you think it proper for a young man to ask any young lady to go with him, when she has refused him once or not? 5th. What would it cost to go to California from New York? Do you think that a man could go out on a ship and work his way so that it would not cost him anything? And what wages do they get there for laborers? 6th. Do you think that Stokes will be hung, and when? 7th. ——. 8th. Have you got any good books that would pay an agent to travel with, and that would sell well? If you have please give me their names and your terms. 9th. Do you think my writing good enough for book-keeping, and how is my spelling? 10th. Where there is a piece of property that belongs to three or four heirs, can it be sold, and can they give a good title providing they are not of age? 11th. Where is Dr. Livingstone now? 12th. Will the soldiers kill all of the Modocs that they can get, or will they take them prisoners? 13th. Can you give me a recipe for making red ink? 14th. Do you think that a man could make money by selling pictures or books in this country?" 1st. If he is already doing so well, he should be satisfied with his present position, and invest his money in some safe security, so that it will bring him in interest. It is not best to be hasty in investing it in business unless he can see his way clear. 2d. That you must decide for yourself. You have the main requisite for happiness, mutual love. It depends on the other circumstances of the case whether it is advisable or not for you to enter at once into matrimony. 3d. No. We know no dealer in such articles in your vicinity. They can be procured in all the large cities. 4th. She might have had satisfactory reasons for refusing him the first time which would not apply to the second. Unless there was something insulting or offensive in her first refusal, it need not preclude a second invitation. 5th. It would cost you about a hundred dollars. We do not know the exact charges by steamer. The chances would be against your being able to work your way. Labor in California holds no more in proportion to the cost of living than it does here. 6th. He has just been granted a new trial. We of course cannot tell what the result will be. 7th. We cannot print this question. We do not agree with the common opinion that it is a duty to marry her without regard to their prospect of future happiness. But we know cases of the kind where the parties have married, and appear to be happy. 8th. No. That is out of our line of business. 9th. No. Your writing is not good. Your spelling is moderately good, though city is not spelt citty. 10th. No; though it might be done perhaps by their guardians. 11th. somewhere in Central Africa. 12th. They have killed a number of them, and captured all the rest. 13th. Eight ounces Brazil wood, steeped four or five days in 10 pints of water or vinegar. Boil to ½. Add rock alum 6 ounces, gum 2 ounces. Dissolve. 14th. We know nothing about it. You must judge for yourself.

INQUIRER, (Pennsylvania,) writes: "I am a young girl, moderately good-looking, but have such a high color. It is very mortifying to me, for it is so often remarked. If I get warm or excited it is still worse. If you know anything that will take it away, won't you please answer in your next, and do me a great favor?" "Carrie" asks us a similar question. This florid color of the face is probably constitutional with you, and will not be easily got rid of. There may be some special cause for it in each of your cases, but of course we cannot know this cause. Probably eating with great moderation, and abstaining, as far as is consistent with health, from animal food, with entire abstinence from gravies, pastry, &c., is the best course you can take.

SUSAN, (Mississippi,) asks: "1st. Will you please inform me how many stories high is the highest building in Manchester, England; and how high is the highest in old Edinburgh, Scotland? 2d. Was the Duke of Wellington ever married, and had he any family? 3d. Is Lord John Russell the grandson of the old Duke of Gordon, and nephew to the Marquis of Huntly? 4th. Is Zig a young, unmarried lady, and is she as pleasant in conversation as she is in the Post? I would ask her name, but fear to be denied." 1st. There are no means at our command at present to answer this question. No published account of Manchester gives the number of stories in its highest buildings. In Edinburgh the houses range from six to ten stories high. There are none, so far as we are aware, more than the latter height. 2d. Lord John Russell is the son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and grandson of the Marquis of Tavistock, who was the son of the fourth Duke of Bedford. We are not aware of his relationship to the Marquis of Huntly. There is no Duke of Gordon. The Marquis of Huntly has the title of Lord Gordon. 3d. The Duke of Wellington married, in 1806, the daughter of the Earl of Longford. He left two sons, the elder of whom is since dead. 4th. We have never met Zig personally. We infer from her articles that she is young and married, and as piquant in conversation as with her pen.

JONES, (Benton, Miss.,) asks: "Please let me know what you can send me a pocket dictionary for by mail." There are various prices, depending on size and degree of completeness. We can send you one for either 50 cents, 75 cents, or $1.00.

C. J., (Roswell,) writes: "1st. Plow would me what the pay of Congressmen was at the time of the establishment of this government of the United States; how many times they have raised their salaries; how much they raised them, and what parties had control of the government at the time of each increase? 2d. If my writing does not suit you, blow me up this time, as I have a curiosity to know how I will feel when I come down." 1st. We have not the statistics at hand to give the dates and amounts of each of these changes. At the time of the establishment of the government, the pay of members of the Senate and House of Representatives was fixed at six dollars per day of session, and six dollars mileage for each twenty miles. This rate held till 1816, when a bill was passed fixing the salaries at eighteen hundred dollars per annum. In January, 1818, there was another change, and the salaries of Congressmen were fixed at eight dollars per day of session. There have been several subsequent changes prior to that made last winter. 2d. Your writing is moderately good, with a rather needless tendency toward flourishes.

J. G., (Lewisburg, Pa.,) writes: "Please answer the following queries, and oblige as old readers of the Post: 1st. What is the meaning of this sentence, 'Res parit dominio non?' 2d. Can the book called Cudjo's Cave be obtained, and at what price? 3d. Is not J. H. Ingraham dead? 4th. Did Colonel Prentiss Ingraham obtain the rank of colonel in Cuba? If not where did he?" 1st. The sentence means, "The affair perished from its own authority." 2d. The book can be obtained. We think paper cost $1.50. 3d. Yes. 4th. Colonel Ingraham we believe has been colonel in three services—the Confederate, Mexican and Cuban.

EULA writes: "Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions? 1st. Can you tell me who was the author of the lines entitled The Missionary? The following is a selection:

'Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design,
Who placed me here, that I should live at ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountains.'

2d. What should you think the best way to keep small children from whispering in school? 3d. Is there a piece of music out that

'Will you meet me, darling, on the other side?'

I heard a song a number of years ago, and I think that was the name of it, but cannot procure it at any of the music stores in the city where I live." 1st. The poem is not familiar to us. Perhaps some of our readers may be acquainted with it. If so, we will be happy to hear from them and to oblige you with the information desired. 2d. That is a question which many persons, specially adapted to the purpose, have been trying for years to solve, and have not yet succeeded. Little children are not old enough to be governed by ambition, the stick is a relic of barbarism, and scolding is at home to their parents will not always operate successfully. So we hardly know what to propose. We are impelled here, however, to speak a word in favor of the children, who are often more sinned against than sinning. A healthy body must be developed in the child before it can be expected to develop a healthy brain. Nature provides for this by implanting in it a restlessness that forces it into the exercise so necessary to physical development. But man is wiser than nature, and cruelly imprisons the child within school walls at an age in which it should be in the fresh air, the sunshine, and the free use of its limbs and lungs. Its brain is forced to do an unnecessary growth, and frequently lasting injury is caused. An evil quite as serious is the forcing the child, on first entering school, to remain there the same length of time as the older children. Its health is thus enfeebled, its mind overworked, and all because school-marms have not yet learned the first principles of physiology. Two or three hours a day, with frequent intervals, is as long as any young child should be expected to remain quiet in school, and we do not wonder at the restlessness and chattering disposition of the young prisoners. 3d. We do not know the piece. Why not get some music dealer in your city to make inquiry for you at the lang pendshare?

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]